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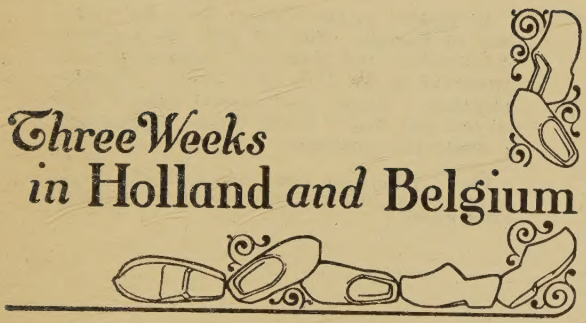
# *Three Weeks in* Holland *and* Belgium



# Three Weeks in Europe

By

## John U. Higinbotham

Invaluable to those about to make a first trip to Europe. Full of just the necessary information and pertinent suggestions—all presented in the form of a snappy, readable narrative. Those who cannot take a trip abroad will find "Three Weeks in Europe" a delightful substitute.

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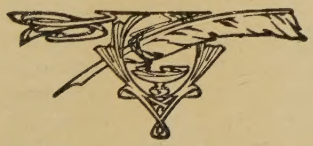
WELCOME TO HOLLAND

# THREE WEEKS
*IN*
# HOLLAND
*AND*
# BELGIUM

BY

JOHN U. HIGINBOTHAM



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Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium

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It would be remarkable had not the mild success of my first book imbued me with the idea that I have a "mission."

Briefly stated, that mission is to act as spokesman for the humble and despised class grouped in travel books under the name of "tourists." Tourists are condemned by the universal law of human nature which judges all grades of society by the noisy minority. To the great majority of tourists a trip abroad is the fruit plucked from a tree of slow growth, the roots of which are sunk deep in the soil of hard work and self-denial, and whose blossoming branches represent years of studious preparation intelligently to appreciate the present beauty or past grandeur of the things spread before them in foreign lands. They do not talk in strident tones. They give just compensation for services rendered and pay due homage to genuine greatness, whether living or dead. They glide quietly in and out with wide open eyes and minds, seeing, en-

joying and understanding. They bring home to family, friends or pupils, all of the reflected radiance of a trip abroad that can possibly be transmitted.

They return to their firesides better Americans than ever, ready to adopt some of the superficial elegancies of the Continent, perhaps, but convinced that beneath the surface there is no country on the globe that can compare with the United States in universal opportunity for the accomplishment of every right ambition and equitable and assured reward for every right effort.

In once more trying to outline what was actually done by an ordinary observer at moderate expense, I sincerely trust that this book will furnish to its readers the one thing needful in many cases to make them globe-trotters, viz., a little courage.

JOHN U. HIGINBOTHAM.

Chicago, March, 1908.

# ITINERARY

July 21. Arrived at Rotterdam 3 A.M.
" 21. Left Rotterdam 2:04 P.M.
" 21. Arrived at The Hague 2:34 P.M.
" 21. Left The Hague 3:00 P.M.
" 21. Arrived at Delft 3:12 P.M.
" 21. Left Delft 5:45 P.M.
" 21. Arrived The Hague 5:57 P.M.
" 22. In The Hague and Scheveningen.
" 23. Left The Hague 12:06 P.M.
" 23. Arrived Leiden 12:24 P.M.
" 23. Left Leiden 3 P.M.
" 23. Arrived Haarlem 3:33 P.M.
" 23. Left Haarlem 5:48 P.M.
" 23. Arrived Amsterdam 6:10 P.M.
" 24. In Amsterdam.
" 25. Zuider Zee Excursion.
" 26. Left Amsterdam 7:50 A.M.
" 26. Arrived Zaandam 8:02 A.M.
" 26. Left Zaandam 10:01 A.M.
" 26. Arrived Helder 11:20 A.M.
" 26. Left Helder 4 P.M.
" 26. Arrived Alkmaar 5:02 P.M.
" 27. Left Alkmaar 8:25 A.M.
" 27. Arrived Hoorn 8:45 A.M.
" 27. Left Hoorn 9:56 A.M.
" 27. Arrived Enkhuisen 10:25 A.M.
" 27. Boat to Stavoren 1:39 P.M.
" 27. Arrived Stavoren 2:49 P.M.
" 27. Left Stavoren 2:57 P.M.
" 27. Arrived Sneek 3:24 P.M.

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| July | 27. | Left Sneek 7:12 P.M. |
| " | 27. | Arrived Leeuwarden 7:53 P.M. |
| " | 28. | Left Leeuwarden 11:23 A.M. |
| " | 28. | Arrived Groningen 12:46 A.M. |
| " | 28. | Left Groningen 2:57 P.M. |
| " | 28. | Arrived Assen 3:37 P.M. |
| " | 28. | Left Assen 7:06 P.M. |
| " | 28. | Arrived Zwolle 8:45 P.M. |
| " | 29. | Left Zwolle 12:36 P.M. |
| " | 29. | Arrived Utrecht 2:57 P.M. |
| " | 29. | Left Utrecht 5:30 P.M. |
| " | 29. | Arrived Arnhem 6:33 P.M. |
| " | 30. | Left Arnhem 9:33 A.M. |
| " | 30. | Arrived Nymwegen 9:55 A.M. |
| " | 30. | Left Nymwegen 12:28 A.M. |
| " | 30. | Arrived Maastricht 2:56 P.M. |
| " | 30. | Left Maastricht 3:57 P.M. |
| " | 30. | Arrived Aix-la-Chapelle 6:09 P.M. |
| " | 31. | Left Aix-la-Chapelle 9:24 A.M. |
| " | 31. | Arrived Liège 9:46 A.M. |
| Aug. | 1. | Left Liège 7:14 A.M. |
| " | 1. | Arrived Huy 7:44 A.M. |
| " | 1. | Left Huy 9:59 A.M. |
| " | 1. | Arrived Namur 10:42 A.M. |
| " | 1. | Left Namur 12:48 P.M. |
| " | 1. | Arrived Dinant 1:40 P.M. |
| " | 1. | Excursion to Han-sur-Lesse. |
| " | 2. | Left Dinant 11:46 A.M. |
| " | 2. | Arrived Givet 12:28 P.M. |
| " | 2. | Left Givet 1:08 P.M. |
| " | 2. | Arrived Charleroi 3:23 P.M. |
| " | 2. | Left Charleroi 4:34 P.M. |
| " | 2. | Arrived Mons 6:38 P.M. |
| " | 3. | Left Mons 11:42 A.M. |

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|---|---|---|
| Aug. | 3. | Arrived Brussels 12:48 P.M. |
| " | 4. | Excursion to Waterloo. |
| " | 5. | In Brussels. |
| " | 6. | Left Brussels 2:14 P.M. |
| " | 6. | Arrived Tournai 3:45 P.M. |
| " | 6. | Left Tournai 6:39 P.M. |
| " | 6. | Arrived Lille 7:41 P.M. |
| " | 7. | Left Lille 11:28 A.M. |
| " | 7. | Arrived Courtrai 12:14 P.M. |
| " | 7. | Left Courtrai 3:57 P.M. |
| " | 7. | Arrived Ostend 6:09 P.M. |
| " | 8. | Left Ostend 11:19 A.M. |
| " | 8. | Arrived Bruges 11:43 A.M. |
| " | 9. | Left Bruges 9:07 A.M. |
| " | 9. | Arrived Ghent 9:37 A.M. |
| " | 9. | Left Ghent 1:37 P.M. |
| " | 9. | Arrived Antwerp 3:15 P.M. |
| " | 10. | In Antwerp. |
| " | 11. | Left Antwerp 10:32 A.M. |
| " | 11. | Arrived Rosendaal 11:18 A.M. |
| " | 11. | Left Rosendaal 1:21 P.M. |
| " | 11. | Arrived Flushing 3:16 P.M. |
| " | 11. | Left Flushing 7:35 P.M. |
| " | 11. | Arrived Middelburg 7:46 P.M. |
| " | 12. | Left Middelburg 1:15 P.M. |
| " | 12. | Arrived Bergen op Zoom 2:11 P.M. |
| " | 12. | By carriage to Rosendaal 4:15 P.M. |
| " | 12. | Arrived Rosendaal 5:15 P.M. |
| " | 12. | Left Rosendaal 6:24 P.M. |
| " | 12. | Arrived Breda 6:46 P.M. |
| " | 13. | Left Breda 11:10 A.M. |
| " | 13. | Arrived Dordrecht 11:49 A.M. |
| " | 13. | Left Dordrecht 4:11 P.M. |
| " | 13. | Arrived Rotterdam 4:34 P.M. |

# Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium

## I

### *Rotterdam*

AFTER ten days of ocean as flat as a travel-book, attended by weather not nearly so dry, we are warned that the customs officers will invade our staterooms at three o'clock in the morning. The early hour proved to be the only disagreeable feature of the ordeal, as nothing was disturbed and our luggage was chalk-marked without even the formality of opening it. The crafty Hollanders knew that there would be pleasanter ways of obtaining our money after we landed and that we could be safely entrusted to their brethren on shore for the solution of our surplus problem.

Being assured that the customs regulations have all been complied with, our passengers scramble sleepily on deck and view the canalized Maas up which we are slowly passing. Trees of uniform height and symmetrical

shape line both banks. Buoys fastened to the bottom of the river furnish anchorage for shipping of all description. A Quaker Oats sign on one side, and an American Petroleum Company tank on the other show that United States enterprise attends to the first wants of the day and furnishes the illumination for its close. But what do we see peeping over yonder dike? A windmill! The frontier picket of an immense army that works night and day in the struggle between the land and the sea for the possession of Holland. It is half-past six when we leave the boat, having partaken of a hearty breakfast. Our room steward finds a carriage for us, and with our baggage about us we start on a jolty ride that makes us long more than once for the decks of the "Statendam."

As we will spend several days at Rotterdam, after swinging around the circle, we go at once to the depot, leave our impedimenta in the parcel-room, clamber back into the carriage and drive through the city. At this hour nothing is open but the Park, which is very beautiful in the early morning. The roads are smoother than the clinker-paved city streets;

IN THE PARK—ROTTERDAM

birds are singing, and grass and plants are sparkling with dew.

The antics of a sparrow near the carriage are amusing. It is poised in air like a humming-bird, and evidently intent on some object in the grass, probably an insect. One is puzzled to know why it does not devour its helpless victim at once, until you notice a "Keep Off the Grass" sign just a few feet away, and you recognize that you have met your first but by no means your last example of the absolute obedience to vested authority which obtains throughout the Netherlands.

We drive on, and the last thing we see is that English sparrow, personification of lawlessness at home, still hovering hungrily in the air.

It is Saturday—scrubbing day. Later observation shows that there are five other scrubbing days each week, but Saturday is the day on which they become rabid on the subject.

Wooden-shod servants are splashing and mopping and soaking and rubbing every exterior surface, horizontal and perpendicular. Not only windows and walks, but the walls of the houses are given a dressing until they

gardener's best friend, and water is everywhere. Nor should one fail to mention, among other first impressions, the perfectly natural courtesy which you meet on every hand.

We drive along the Boompjes and past the Sailors' Home, one of the many well-conducted charities. We get another glimpse of the green, white and green funnel of our steamer, and then ask the driver to find a smoother street. With all due respect to the etymologists, I believe that the Boompjes were named by some one who had ridden over them in an iron-tired cab.

Erasmus was born in Rotterdam. His statue stands at the head of the Groote Markt, and looked benign approval when we purchased a pound of beautiful black cherries from the old peasant woman whose counter is erected under its shadow. Erasmus was born in 1467. The House of Erasmus was built in 1896. That seemed like a long time to keep him waiting, but such a little thing would not worry a philosopher, particularly a Dutch philosopher. Later inquiry developed the fact that this was a facsimile of the original house. It is certainly quaint and interesting, and almost as

satisfactory as the real thing. There are many houses in Rotterdam that antedate the birth of Erasmus, however, and at 3 Slepersvest we saw one that bore the date 1400 and was still habitable. Erasmus saw the inconsistencies and abuses of the Catholic Church, but lacked the courage to come out boldly in support of the Reformation. As a consequence of his desire to effect reforms from within, he made enemies in both camps. He wished to correct the temporal abuses of the church without tampering with its dogmas. His timidity was a reflection of a weak physical embodiment which manifested itself in many queer and childish superstitions and aversions. Among others may be mentioned the fact that the sight of a herring would throw him into spasms. He died in Basel in 1536, having removed very few obstructions from the rough channel of sixteenth century ecclesiasticism, and was apparently content to have steered his own frail bark safely among them.

Bicycles are as much in evidence all around us as they were in America fifteen years ago. Ladies, children, soldiers and artisans, go wheeling past on thoroughly modern machines.

illustrate the universal courtesy that has been spoken of before. There is no one thing which impresses an American as being quite so unusual, so foreign, as politeness.

After registering our return steamer ticket, we took no more chances on street-cars, but hired a carriage and were driven to the Café Stroomberg for lunch. After an excellent repast, we found we had time to make a stop or two between the restaurant and depot.

We dropped off the car at St. Lawrence Church, a once beautiful building, with a tower which it costs a dime and much labor to ascend; but the view is magnificent. The church was begun eighty years before Columbus discovered America, and the tower is not completed yet. We both agreed, however, that it was plenty high enough, and would not have had another step added to it for worlds. Dozens of pigeons whirred away as we stepped out onto the narrow platform and looked over the miles of red-tiled roofs that stretched in every direction.

The interior of the church was ruined by the Reformers, who whitewashed its walls and placed wooden pews in the center, shortening the view from every side. It has a mag-

A CANAL NEAR ST. LAWRENCE CHURCH—ROTTERDAM

nificent organ, and its pavement forms the roof of countless graves, with only here and there a legible inscription.

Street-car fare in Holland is three cents a trip, and for four cents you receive a return ticket. The conductor carries more documents than a congressman. For every fare he opens an aluminum box about four by six, and hands out a receipt or a return ticket, as the case may be. When the passengers pay with tickets, he places them—the tickets, not the passengers—in a leather pouch hung by a strap around his neck. It is important that you retain the receipt given you, for at uncertain intervals a "controlleur" gets on the car and examines all the receipts, puts his O. K. on them with a rubber stamp, and compares the result with the manifest, or log, carried by the conductor. It is quite the correct thing to tip the conductor with a Dutch cent or two.

We reach the station at one-fifty "city time," and there learned for the first time that the trains are all run by Greenwich time, which is twenty minutes slower than the sun time of the various towns. Although we used four "times" in the foregoing sentence, we still had

time to spare, and waited half an hour for our train. This illogical horological arrangement explains the presence of an extra minute hand on most of the hotel clocks twenty minutes behind the regular hand.

While B. is buying stamps for post-cards, I sit in the waiting-room and listen to the man who calls the trains. He makes me homesick, for there is something about his inarticulate utterance and general inutility that reminds me of our own United States.

The Hollanders are the most patient and courageous people on earth. Not only do they live under the daily menace of the waters which literally overshadow their land, but they learn to speak Dutch! Just think of putting "Gevefrd" on a sign when they mean fresh paint, or of labeling doors "Duwen" or "Trekken" when it would be so much simpler to say "Push" or "Pull." And how would you like to have your hair cut by a "hair snijder"?

We bought a Dutch-English lexicon because we were unable to get an English-Dutch one. We derived no practical benefit from our purchase, but it afforded us a world of fun.

This is the way a Hollander is taught to pronounce a few English phrases:

"I wish to be shaved" is clarified to the Netherland student by being rendered "Y wisj toe bie sjeevd."

"You overcharge" is "Joe o'ver tsjaardsj."

"He generally keeps good hours" looks like this to Holland eyes: "Hie dsjen 'reuli kieps goed ou'eus."

## II

### *Delft*

OUR run to The Hague is a short one, but brief as it is, we make our first mistake by riding through Delft and losing part of a day.

Wooden shoes and thick woolen stockings are as characteristic of one end of the Dutch peasant woman as are gold or silver helmets with gold pendants of the other. And over these tight-fitting metal casques a lace hood is worn, while on Sundays and holidays the eternal feminine asserts herself by wearing a modern bonnet or hat atop of the hood.

On the road to The Hague we pass many picturesque windmills and canals. Ditches full of water mark the boundaries between pastures, and these ditches are crossed by foot-bridges with gates in the middle to keep the pretty black and white cows from invading a neighbor's pasture. A cheaper way would be to

put up a "Verboten" sign, for I am sure that a Dutch cow is as law-abiding as a Dutch sparrow.

We stop at Schiedam for a minute to take on a load. Possibly Schiedam is the fountain-head of more "loads" than any other town in Holland, for here is manufactured the celebrated Schiedam Schnapps. Old inhabitants say that the trade is declining, but there are two hundred distilleries in operation now, and countless pigs are being made into hogs from the waste product, while hundreds of men are undergoing the same transformation in consuming the regular output.

You next pass Briel, on an island in the Maas. Its capture by the happy-go-lucky "beggars of the sea" in 1572 was the first blow struck by Holland in that glorious war which ended Spanish supremacy on the Continent forever.

Twenty-five years later Martin Tromp selected Briel as his birthplace, and in paddling about the Maas, half river and half sea, he developed the fighting abilities which made him victor in thirty-two naval battles. It was he who, with grim Dutch humor, nailed a broom

to his masthead after he had swept the channel clear of Holland's enemies.

Having rearranged the above from Baedeker, I look up, only to discover that we passed Briel while I was writing.

Now we are in the country again. There goes a sailboat behind a hedge, and on the other side of the track a three-mast schooner is crossing a pasture. It looks so strange—this jumble of masts and windmills, canal-boats and cows. We wonder if they have cow-catchers on their canal-boats.

At The Hague, or La Haye, or Den Hague, or s'Gravenhage, as you may elect, we take a bus to our hotel and are well shaken while taken over a clinker-brick pavement. After securing a room, we return by trolley to the station and catch the train back to Delft, with just one minute to spare. They have the usual continental custom of taking up your ticket at the end of your journey, but they complicate matters by requiring a punch at a turn-stile before you get on the train, and another by the guard before it pulls out.

Delft is a city of misfortune. In the middle

of the sixteenth century she was destroyed by fire. In 1584 she was the scene of the assassination of William the Silent. In 1654 a powder explosion ruined more than five hundred houses. In 1742 a similar catastrophe occurred. Do you wonder that Delft china was blue, amid such jarring surroundings, and that its manufacture has ceased with the exception of one factory?

For a nation whose best known literary work is the "Camera Obscura," the inhabitants of Holland become wonderfully excited over a kodak. In Delft we had to seek the refuge of sanctuary and flee into the Prinsenhof to get away from the children while changing films. At least we thought it was the Prinsenhof, and the smiling and sweet-voiced siren who towed us through carefully nursed that delusion by cleverly misunderstanding our English on that one point. We were, in a measure, compensated by an opportunity to try for a time-exposure photograph of a large painting of soldiers at dinner, with each head a portrait. We also saw a very satisfying and human picture of William the Silent in the Council Chamber.

On the opposite side of the square is the Nieuwe Kerke. As it was finished in 1396, it is only comparatively new. The old one was built in the thirteenth century, but, except for a slight tilt to the tower, it looks as youthful as its juvenile competitor.

In the Nieuwe Kerke are the tombs of the members of the Orange family, including the mausoleum of William the Silent. His figure is carved with the faithful dog whose barking warned him of the approach of hired Spanish assassins while he slept in his tent at Malines. This was in 1572, and for twelve years a price was on his head, offered by Phillip II. to any one who would kill him. This price was finally paid to the parents of Gerards in 1584.

A statue of Hugo Grotius adorns the center of the square. He was born in Delft in 1583, and is also buried in the Nieuwe Kerke. He was a miracle of precocity. He extemporized Latin verses when he was nine years old, and at twelve entered the Leyden University. At fifteen he was a member of an embassy which endeavored to enlist the aid of France in the war with Spain. At thirty-six, having served

A QUIET SPOT IN DELFT

his country in every other capacity, he was thrown into jail under a life sentence. At the same time, Barneveldt, one of the grandest figures in Dutch history, was condemned to death

In those days, not to have been a prisoner or a fugitive from justice was a blot on your record. Hugo's wife and maid-servant and some relatives succeeded in extricating him from prison in a box which had been used for carrying books to his cell. After successfully getting the box to its destination, they almost let the man suffocate while they thumped on the lid and listened and nearly had hysterics because they heard no sound from within. Then I suppose an idea struck them, or a man came along, for they opened the box just in the nick of time. Never since reading about that transaction have I doubted the humorous accounts of how a woman will fret and worry over the post-mark on an envelope for minutes before it will occur to her to solve the mystery by opening it.

Well, that little screed eases me wonderfully, because that artful little Dutch minx, when

finally cornered and asked to point out the spot on which William the Silent was shot, admitted that we were in the Stadhuis and that the Prinsenhof was half a mile away.

It lacked five minutes of five when we left the Stadhuis, and our chances of seeing the Prinsenhof seemed slim for that day, as it closes at five. But, remembering former experiences, we thought we would test Dutch courtesy again, and so we walked over. Arriving at ten minutes past five, we found everything shut as tight as a drum. An inviting bell-pull caught our eye, and we summoned the custodian, who lives in the building, and were shown through as cheerfully as though we were the first visitors of the day. We went first to the dining-room where William the Silent ate his last meal. His wife had forebodings, and did not like the appearance of the messenger, Gerards, who had arrived that day, but William did not share her fears. He had escaped assassination so often since Phillip II. had decided on that method of warfare, that he had reason to believe in a certain degree of immunity. So, surrounded by his family, he stepped

from the dining-room into the hall. Behind the column where we stood crouched Gerards, and, as William reached the first step, two poisoned bullets were discharged, passing through his body and burying themselves in the wall a short distance above the steps. Draperies probably helped to conceal the assassin, but with that exception everything is as it was on July 10, 1584, the day of the crime. The massive dining-table, built to carry a Dutch dinner, is in its place with the chairs about it, for William, like all true Hollanders, was a good trencherman. The large fireplace at either end makes it easy to picture a scene of comfort which would have been one of good-cheer but for Holland's unhappy lot. We descended the little half-stairs down which the assassin plunged in his futile efforts to escape. We were glad that he did not get away, but a little sorry that Holland expressed her horror at his deed by subjecting him to most awful torture as long as he had a breath left in his body.

We feared that the bullet holes in the wall would have needed "restoring," but found they

had grown until they cover about three inches of space and are covered by a netting.

Delft is connected by a canal with its port, Delft-Haven, endeared to Americans as the spot from which the Pilgrim Fathers embarked for Southampton, July 22, 1620.

## III

### *The Hague and Scheveningen*

WE returned to The Hague by train, and after dinner we forgot our early closing resolutions and took a trolley to Scheveningen, a half hour's ride.

In 1570, one-half of Scheveningen disappeared into the North Sea and was never seen again. On every pretty summer's day, about half of it disappears into the sea again, but it comes out smiling, shakes the water out of its skirts, and dons its promenade apparel for a walk on the beach.

The beach is magnificent, and the long pier when lighted at night is beautiful. At its end sits the little concert hall, sparkling over the rolling waters like a gem at the tip of a monarch's scepter. The Philharmonic Orchestra from Berlin played, and the music was remarkably good; but we only listened to two or three numbers as we sipped our chocolate, and then

explored the various devices for amusing the populace. These did not differ greatly from our own catch-penny arrangements, and we did not patronize them. There were four in our party, and we extracted some fun from the exterior of a circus, the ticket-seller of which overestimated our gullibility and tried to sell us tickets at just quadruple the regular rates.

We went home rather early, patronizing the trolley again. And that reminds me that they do things better in Holland in connection with their trolley systems than in most countries. Instead of covering the exterior of the car with a multiplicity of signs which only spell distraction to the foreigner, each route is numbered, and the stranger who asks the way to the depot is told to take car 5 or 11, as the case may be. This number is carried on a board at the roof of the car in front, and also on the trolley pole. In London you cannot tell whether a bus is going to Oxford Circus or Alsopp's Ale. In Holland you cannot make a mistake.

We ran up against an obstruction when we reached our car, which we voted was an improvement after recovering our dignity.

Having been taught that the race is quite often to the swift, we naturally commenced to sprint as soon as we saw our car waiting on the tracks. Not a seat was taken, although a lot of timid-looking natives were standing in line at right angles to the track. "This is luck," we said, and scrambled aboard. Almost immediately we scrambled off, at the request of uniformed authority, and lined up behind the natives, who took the matter seriously and were kind enough not to laugh at us.

Each car has a card inside stating how many places there are, and on each platform is another saying how many people may stand thereon. When the seats and both platforms are full, the sign "Vol" is put up, and no more are permitted to get aboard. Our car probably had thirty people in it and on the platforms, and was turning business away at every crossing. I told an English-speaking Hollander that we would get sixty people into a car of that size in the United States. He said, "But would that be so agreeable?" I said, "No; but it would be so profitable." And he said, "So?" and was thoughtful for some time. I am afraid he viewed the matter from

the standpoint of a passenger instead of a stockholder, an utterly impractical view, as we all know.

The Dutch name of The Hague, s'Gravenhage, means the Count's hedge. This hedge surrounded the hunting-park of the Count of Holland in the thirteenth century. Ever since, its climatic advantages and proximity to the beach have made it a favorite residence of nobility and royalty. Since the accession of the House of Orange to the throne of Holland, in 1814, it has been the capital.

We arose early the next morning for a visit to the House in the Woods, one of Wilhelmina's dwelling-places. After investigating various means of transportation, we concluded to walk, and we were glad of our decision. Unless the weather is bad, you cannot see the Woods properly in any other way. It is only a thirty minutes' stroll, and the path winds along and across limpid brooks and through virgin forests, centuries old, under a dense shade that deepens noonday into twilight, and between green, moss-covered trunks that soften every tone until your step seems profanation and you want to tiptoe and look for

ON THE WAY TO THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS

brownies and fairy rings. And as you look upward at the gothic arches formed by the interlaced branches, you realize how puny, how evanescent, are the temples of stone which have sought to copy man's first place of worship, the forest.

The exterior of the House is a distinct disappointment. But wait! Once across the threshold and delivered over to the stately gray-haired dame who was our conductress, you are in wonderland. Most of the furnishings are gifts to Holland's beloved queen. In the dining-room is a magnificent gold-embroidered screen of Chinese workmanship. Once there were blended with the gold in its design, pearl-like beads. But alas! these pearls were placed before tourists, who turned and rended that screen until there is scarcely one left. And those that still remain are double-stitched. I tried them.

The Orange Room, where the Peace Committee meets between wars, is in this House, and is enchanting. The double doors opening into it have figures of Hercules and Minerva on the panels, typifying Strength and Wisdom opening the door of Peace, or closing it, as the

case may be. The room is octagonal, and every square foot of wall and ceiling is covered with allegorical pictures representing the life of Frederick Henry, son of William the Silent. The paintings were made by order of his widow, Amalia of Solms, and executed by fifty pupils of Rubens. The posthumous birth is shown with the dark figure of his father watching from the other shore. On the opposite wall, the vices and dangers of youth are graphically symbolized. The whole is an harmonious arrangement and lighted beautifully.

There is a Chinese room furnished by that government in oriental manner. The Japanese have given the furnishings of a quaint apartment. Its ceiling is in black and white plaster with rice paper on the walls, and a unique chandelier, each taper of which is formed by an inverted saucer holding a dainty teacup. Magnificent cloisonné vases decorate the sides, and a beautifully carved cabinet stands against one wall. The Hollanders won the confidence and friendship of these oriental countries centuries before they opened their ports to any other nation. Americans rejoice to see an excellent portrait of Motley given a prominent

place in the room where he wrote of Holland and her brave struggle for liberty. His picture was painted especially for Wilhelmina, who has a strong admiration for Holland's American historian.

Two delightful marbles are in this room. They represent a sleeping and a playing infant. Last but not least in its attractiveness is a miracle in mosaic, a flower-piece which needs microscopic examination to distinguish it from the most delicate painting.

We return home in a slight shower, which hardly penetrates the foliage of the woods, and again murmur, "Blessed is the country of short distances."

The Mauritshuis does not open until twelve-thirty, so our party orders a one-florin luncheon at a café called "de Pool," feeling that at that price there is no danger of going in over our heads. Nutmeg is prominent in the cooking here, as it is all over Holland. It is raised in their colonies and eaten as a patriotic duty. It is fortunate that they do not raise garlic. The Dutch have made successful colonists everywhere, but the Belgians have

been more noted for raising Cain than anything else.

The two star attractions of the Mauritshuis are Rembrandt's "Lesson in Anatomy" and Potter's "Bull." The first is a vivid picture of a clinic, splendidly done, but, except as a means of showing admiration for his friend, Surgeon Tulp, a most useless waste of paint.

Paul Potter's "Bull" is a good picture of a scrubby eight-months-old bull calf that would not be permitted to invade the Panhandle of Texas. It is well done, of course, even to three or four flies on its haunch and a green frog at its feet; but Robbe has some better pictures of better cattle in the Courtrai Gallery.

We again go to Scheveningen in the afternoon, this time through another woods and between the tiny houses of the old fishing village, Scheveningen proper, whereas the beach is not always so. We view quaint costumes out for their Sunday stroll, and are lured into a *Cabaret Artistique* and locked in. We expected to see a vaudeville, but instead we sat and blinked at cinematograph pictures for half an hour.

After our escape we took a stroll on the

THE CHINESE ROOM IN THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS—

beach. All bathing is forbidden after two Sunday afternoon, so we watched the breakers for a while and returned for a walk through the village.

My! what a stampede was created by our camera! Mothers grabbed their children, or pushed them ahead of them in frantic efforts to escape. Cajolery was futile, bribery was spurned. In only one case did we succeed in corrupting a group of urchins into posing. We must have overpaid them, for they evidently thought that we had given them a day's compensation, and it was almost impossible to get away from them. The women, with their queer head-dresses, their shawls, and immense, padded hips, kept out of sight when they saw our camera. They are a very interesting type, but difficult to get into print.

Horns are used for many purposes in Holland. The street-car conductor uses one instead of a whistle. Your hotel porter calls a carriage by blowing a horn. We passed a gang of pipe-layers, and in place of the usual "Yeo heave oh," the foreman tooted a horn at every tug of the men.

The Hague has fourteen churches of the

established order. The preachers wear low shoes with big buckles, black stockings, knickerbockers and long coats. They are all smooth-shaven and wear a sort of truncated plug hat of dull black cloth. As a rule, they are wholesome, hearty-looking men who stand the ordeal of knee-trousers very well. They rotate from pulpit to pulpit, and each in turn preaches in every one of the fourteen churches. The sermons are fifty minutes in length. Two collections are taken at each service, one for the poor and the other for the running expenses of the church. The deacons, or whoever they are who pass the baskets, wear full dress and white gloves. No choirs are employed in any of the churches, but the singing is led by a precentor. The men and women occupy different parts of the church.

We visit the Gevangenpoort, an ancient tower formerly used as a prison for political offenders. From here, in 1672, brave Cornelius De Witt and his brother John were dragged by a maddened and mistaken populace and murdered and hung head down for crimes of which they were totally innocent. We were shown the hospital of the prison where Cor-

nelius was kept for some time after his arrest. The walls bear pictures of his house and that of his brother, carved by Cornelius with a penknife. The people thought the De Witts had plotted against the life of the Prince of Orange, and Holland has never failed to rally to the standard of that idolized house. All sorts of instruments of torture are shown, branding irons and a stretching apparatus for drawing the facts out of unwilling witnesses. The brand of the stork was burned into the hands of a certain class of criminals, a form of small, hot bird not at all popular. There is in the basement a rock, hollowed out by the action of water, on which prisoners were forced to stand while cold water dripped on their heads. "One day, crazy; three days, dead," was the graphic summary of our guide.

One cell is gruesomely decorated with frescoes done in the blood of the unfortunate inmate. A mute and melancholy story is told by a hole in the wall, laboriously made through a foot of stone, only to encounter solid oak partitions backed by three feet of masonry. We stood in the "large room" (about twenty by

thirty) where the prisoners exercised. The floor under us was six hundred years old.

A cigar has been defined by a Hollander as his sixth finger. Evidence of their universal use may be seen at the entrance of the Gevangenpoort, where pigeon-holes are provided wherein unsmoked "remnants" can be deposited and checked during the visit to the prison.

Our driver to the station let us take our luggage into the depot without paying him. Every one is trustful and jolly. Grinning old Dutchmen mimic our "alright" to the cabby, and chuckle and lift their hats when they see that we enjoy it.

THE BEACH AT SCHEVENINGEN.

## IV

### *Leiden*

WE lunch at the depot in the room of the Buffet Maatschappij. The menu displays the familiar legend, *E pluribus unum,* probably referring to the hash. We eat a good meal and watch the scene as a Rotterdam train unloads. Hollanders of every province and tourists of every nation mingle amid a Babel of tongues and a kaleidoscope of color and motion.

It takes eighteen minutes to go from The Hague to Leiden. We are crowded into a compartment. I have a suit-case on each foot and the steamer rug in my lap. A fellow-feeling for some of the victims of the Inquisition comes over me. A Hollander and his wife share our "Niet Rooken" compartment.

At Leiden we hire a guide at forty cents an hour to show us around. He proved to be a good investment. He had lived in Yon-

kers for several years, and spoke a mixture of Holland and Yonkers that was intelligible and at the same time quaint. He showed his understanding of one of the objects of our trip by stopping the carriage on a bridge spanning the Rhine, from which place we had a beautiful view of the river. The Rhine is not very wide at this point, but it is quite thick. It empties into the North Sea at Katwijk, eight miles away. The word "empties" is used in a Pickwickian sense. The Rhine is really picked up bodily by a series of locks and thrown over a dike into the sea.

We drove past a statue of Booerhaave, Holland's most celebrated physician. It is related that a Chinese mandarin of the eighteenth century once addressed a letter to "The most celebrated physician in Europe," and the missive was safely delivered to Booerhaave, and he admitted that he was the man.

We drive past the Morsch gate, a relic of the old fortifications, along rows of booths in preparation for the Kirmess, which starts tonight and forms almost the sole summer amusement of provincial Holland.

Kirmess booths are built in panels and

hauled on wagons from place to place very much as the buildings intended for "boom" towns are made out West. They are frail-looking, and the possibilities of "bringing down the house" are too apparent for the comfort of nervous spectators.

The naval school, with its scores of middies in embryo, is an interesting sight, and as we rest our camera on the railing of the bridge the boys line up with a whoop and stand, caps in hand, until the button is pressed. Then we wave them a farewell and receive in return three hearty cheers.

A stable occupies the site of Rembrandt's birthplace. One wall alone remains of the house. Not a vestige of his father's mill is left. Rembrandt was born in 1606, and all Holland is celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of that event. He is said to have formed his first ideas of the beauty of light and shade from watching the effects produced by the single ray of light admitted into the lofty chamber of his father's mill through a small ventilator. This was the falling apple, the boiling kettle, that gave the hint to the latent genius that slumbered in the mind of the

miller's son. And only in chiaroscuro was he supreme. With a few notable exceptions, he never rose above his lowly origin, and many of his pictures show grossness of expression and imperfection of drawing. But he was a master of light and shadow. With few exceptions his associates were of the lower classes and his favorite place of recreation the alehouse.

An interesting house, built in 1612, is pointed out, and looks as though it would be good for several more centuries. It was formerly occupied by municipal offices, but is now a museum of antiquities.

The old market is flanked by a weigh-house on which is carved some excellent reliefs representing weights and measures, grain and butter, etc.

The Stadhuis bears an inscription in which is concealed a chronogram recording the date of Leiden's celebrated siege, 1574, and containing one hundred and thirty-one letters, one for each day that it continued. The siege was lifted October third, and that day is celebrated annually by a thanksgiving feast. In place of our turkey, the Leideners eat a sort of Irish

AN OLD HOUSE ON THE RHINE—LEIDEN

stew, much thickened. Judging from their appearance, the citizens are in a state of physical fortification for a siege at any moment.

After contemplating the chronogram, which would take the brain of an Ignatius Donnelly to decipher were the key ever lost, we were naturally anxious to see something more intimately connected with this, the most marvelous siege of history. So we climbed the highest natural hill in the province. There may have been higher hills temporarily constructed during the erection of buildings, but our guide impressed on us the fact that this was a "natural" hill. With only one guide—and he a cripple—without axes, ropes or alpenstocks, we clambered up the rugged sides of this eminence, until, from the dizzy height of eighty feet, we stood within the walls of the fortress which crowns its summit. An old well is in the center of the enclosure, and sleeping apartments were formed by leaving recesses in the walls. The dikes of Katwijk are visible to the northeast. These were the dikes that were broken down by William the Silent in his last desperate and successful effort to drive away the Spaniards, who for over four months had

tightly invested the starving city. Every day of that siege furnished an immortal page to history, but its final desperate solution showed the deep spirit of patriotism that made the sea preferable to the Spaniard if Holland must be lost.

With the memory of Haarlem's betrayal fresh in their minds, the citizens of Leiden knew that no oath was binding with their foe, and thus Spain, by her treachery of one year before at Haarlem's gates, solidified the natural patriotism of the Hollander into a granite barrier. And as we strained our eyes toward Katwijk we could picture the eager faces that watched and prayed for favorable winds as the ships of the relieving party advanced, stopped, and were sometimes even turned back by the shifting currents of air from the North Sea. Finally the right breeze came, and came in abundance, and the bewildered Spaniards were panic-stricken at the temporary enlistment of Holland's old enemy, the ocean, on the side of freedom, and fled.

St. Pancras Church is worthy of a visit from every lover of liberty, if only for the purpose of standing, hat in hand, before the monument

of Burgomaster Van der Werf, who offered the starving people his own body in preference to surrendering the city.

As a reward of merit and a stimulus to patriotism, William the Silent founded the University of Leiden, which is still an institution which commands world-wide respect, although it is not the leader that it once was.

Near the church of St. Ludwig, a powder explosion occurred in 1807 which wrecked three hundred houses and killed several hundred people. The members of the church thought that the fact that the edifice was not destroyed showed a special bias in their favor on the part of Providence. What the friends of the deceased thought is not recorded, but we venture that even the most reverent of them hoped that the next time an instance was wanted of how near you could come to hitting a church without doing so, another locality would be selected. At any rate, that part of the city was never rebuilt, but a handsome park bearing the honored name of Van der Werf now covers the ground.

To show how little this partiality impressed the church-members, the jar tilted the tower of

the edifice to such an extent that the city interposed and ordered it braced up. The money was not paid by the congregation, who doubtless had a reckless idea that if they had been saved from a powder explosion they surely would not be smashed by a church steeple. So the city made the repairs and took over the title to the tower, leaving the rest of the building the property of the church. Thus a leaning tower has been straightened, and a mechanic's lien substituted, and so it stands to this day. If the congregation ever moves its building it will leave the steeple and the city up in the air.

There is in Leiden a church of more vital interest to Americans than St. Ludwig's, and that is St. Peter's. Here for fifteen years John Robinson kept the light of religious liberty burning and within its walls the Pilgrim Fathers worshiped. While planning to follow his flock across the broad Atlantic, John Robinson died without entering the Promised Land of America. He dearly loved theological controversy and often crossed swords with the followers of Arminius, in which contests both

sides always asserted that "the truth had a famous victory."

In the Heerensteg the printers lived, and Shoemakers street is lined on both sides by the old residences of these same Fathers. Opposite the church stands a building which bears a memorial plate to John Robinson and which occupies the site of his home. But it was not built until sixty years after his death. The Dutch have reformed and deformed the interior of St. Peters with whitewash and while we feel that there are still enough Madonnas on exhibition in the world to satisfy our personal craving, we regret the methods followed and the results achieved. Then, after the outraged feelings of Dutch protestantism had been soothed by whitewash, Napoleon came along and calmed his republican ire by knocking the crowns off of all the effigies over the graves of buried nobility. From the flat gravestones, worn by the feet of the hosts of worshipers and sight-seers, he caused every crown to be chiseled.

The Leiden University is scattered over a section of the city and has no impressive groups of buildings. Its library contains 60,000 vol-

umes and 14,000 manuscripts, including many rare Oriental ones. Its museum of natural history is one of the finest in the world. Much of the instruction is now imparted in the homes of the professors. Its faculty has included such names as Grotius, Descartes, Heinsius, Scaliger, Boœrhaave, Arminius and Gomarus. Goldsmith and Fielding were among the Englishmen who attended lectures here.

The quaintest thing in connection with the school is the prison for scholastic offenders. The walls are covered with verses, pasquinades and cartoons and a term in one of its cells is considered essential by the students before they can graduate with a clear conscience.

At last we see an "Aansprecher." He is in full regalia and waiting near the station for a funeral party. We ask the guide in awed whispers whether so stately an individual would consent to pose for a photograph. The guide said, "If you pay him." We questioned whether we could afford it. He looked rather expensive. So we asked how much we ought to pay for the accommodation. "Not over ten cents" said our mentor. And so for ten cents (Dutch), equivalent to four cents in America, we secured

AN AANSPRECHER

his picture. An aansprecher adds to the duties of an undertaker those of a messenger of bad news and conveys the announcements of death to friends and relatives. We saw many of them later in our trip and their garb of gloom with its tall black hat and quantities of sombre cord soon failed to attract our attention.

Like all Holland towns, Leiden has its charitable institutions admirably managed. We drove past a home for aged men and women which the guide told us was a refuge for "Old Orphans." As a sample of guide-English that will answer very well.

## V

### *Haarlem*

WE leave Leiden for Haarlem at three o'clock. It takes thirty-three minutes for the trip. President Roosevelt's ideas about race suicide are manifestly hereditary, but he can find no precedent for that other idea of his (spelling reform) in the land of his ancestors. They would not take that extra "a" out of Haarlem for the world.

A lost dog is galloping madly up and down the tracks looking vainly for his master. No wonder. A Dutch cent is only two-fifths of an American one.

On the train again through a country of gardens with canals for fences. We pass many barges towed by men and boys and reach our destination on time. Haarlem is the center of the tulip bulb industry, and earlier in the year is one of the beauty spots of Holland. Hollanders worship flowers and in the seventeenth cen-

tury they literally went crazy over tulips. The bulbs became the subject of speculation, corners were formed and all of the usual accompaniments of mad gambling were witnessed; embezzlements, scandals, suicides and wrecked ancestral fortunes. Finally the government took a hand in the matter, declared all bets off and stopped the thing. Holland has queer ideas on the subject of Frenzied Finance and interposes governmental restrictions in a way that would be highly objectionable in some parts of the United States.

A great many of these beautiful flowers are grown on made ground. When the waters were separated and the dry land appeared, parts of Holland were left unfinished. Between 1833 and 1877 she has increased her area from 8,768 to 12,731 square miles. A growing country. Before 1531 Haarlem Meer was four small lakes with four villages on their banks. One hundred years later there had been a run on the banks and the four villages had gone into liquidation. Another two centuries pass, the soil is squeezed dry, drained and diked and is now farm land. Over 40,000 acres were thus added to Holland's little kingdom.

No wonder that the dike is supreme in Holland. The government can seize anything to strengthen the dikes in time of "water snood"; carts, fences and even houses.

In front of the Groote Kerk is a bronze statue of Laurens Coster, who did *not* invent printing although Holland for centuries contended that he did.

Within the Kerk is one of the best known organs in the world. For over a century it held rank as the largest instrument of its kind in existence. It has five thousand pipes and sixty stops. Only the stops were working the day we were there. Three model ships are suspended from a center arch, a recognition of Holland's debt to that best of servants and worst of masters, the sea. Not only has she found food in her fisheries, but wealth in her commerce and victory in her battles on the bosom of this stern old mother, and doubtless the unsleeping vigilance required by her system of dikes has done more to develop the Holland character along right lines than any other influence. In the interior south wall a cannon ball protrudes, a mute reminder that these streets once ran blood and echoed to the shrieks

THE HAARLEM ORGAN

of men, women and children, massacred by Phillip II.'s soldiers after a seven months' siege ended only by the promise of full pardon by Frederic, a worthy son of his father, the Duke of Alva.

This siege cost the Spaniards ten thousand men. The heroic defenders dwindled from four thousand fighting men to eighteen hundred, to which force was added an effective corps of three hundred women commanded by the heroine of the siege, Kenan Hasselær. Even in their exhausted condition they were strong enough to make terms with the besiegers, terms which were ruthlessly broken by the butchery of two thousand persons, and the drowning of three hundred others, tied back to back and thrown into Haarlem Meer.

We took a drive through Frederic's Park and Haarlem wood. The park is named for the son of William the Silent and together with the wood forms another of those idyllic dreams of verdure which you find here and there in Holland. Holland does not abound in timber but what she has she guards jealously and she is adding to her resources yearly.

## VI

### *Amsterdam*

WE caught a train for Amsterdam at five-forty-eight, and in twenty-two minutes we were in the largest city in Holland. As we left the train we snapped an Amsterdam orphan whose parti-colored costume, half black and half red, unfortunately does not show in the photograph. It is not stated for which parent she wears black, but it is probably another hit at father.

At the Amstel we have a big room, with windows through which we have an excellent view of the Canal. Amsterdam is the city whose inhabitants "dwell in the tops of trees." Erasmus in his venerable joke referred to the thousands of piles which form the foundations of the buildings. Canals divide the city into ninety islands connected by nearly three hundred bridges.

We ate in the small dining-room. Some

friends from the Statendam joined us at dinner, and the head-waiter could not resist the opportunity to air his English. He remarked as he seated us, "It is heat like the hell in the large room." You must admit that his English needed airing.

After dinner we found a vaudeville theater where the admission fee of thirty-two cents included a drink. We divided the attention of our neighbors with the show by declining the drink and the waiter took it. The entertainment was fair, being more Continental than Dutch, and the crowd was orderly and good natured. We went home before the cinematograph and again were regarded as eccentric Americans.

The lifts in this country are the same old fraud. In the Bellevue at The Hague there was no regular attendant and a push button when it brought anyone was as liable to bring the concierge as the elevator boy. Here in the Amstel, a first-class hotel, we were forced to use the freight elevator, the other being out of order, and we were three minutes in ascending two floors. I do not mean that it seemed like three minutes. It was exactly three minutes by the watch.

The bolt on our hotel door is on the jamb and slides into the door. Our beds have a sort of shelf for the head with a thin veneer of pillow. The feathers have been taken out of the pillows to stuff the mattress-like bag which we put over us at night, but which only an expert balancer could keep over him for sixty consecutive minutes.

Amsterdam was the residuary legatee of Antwerp's prosperity after the "Antwerp Fury," in the sixteenth century. Drunken and mutinous Spanish troops burned and sacked Antwerp and she lay prostrate for years. Amsterdam, although three hundred years old at the time, had no prospects of ever being a metropolis prior to that calamity.

From Amsterdam came many customs which have become part of our national life. Among others the practice of moving on May first may be mentioned. It is also interesting to note that Lieut. Hobson's idea of blockading a harbor originated in the same city. Admiral Sonor sunk ships loaded with stone at the entrance of the Y River to keep the Spanish Admiral Bossu out of the Zuider Zee. As usual, the ruse failed and as usual, it was bet-

ter for the blockaders that it did fail. Bossu succeeded in entering the Zuider Zee, where his fleet was destroyed, and Admiral Cervera broke out of Santiago harbor only to be mowed down by the guns of Sampson and Schley.

The Ryks Museum is comprehensive in its scope. It has a large collection of objects. These include the uniforms and armament of Holland in all ages. A stack of stone cannon balls reminds one of the first years of gunpowder. Many models of locks, dikes and dock yards show where a large portion of Holland's brains and energy are expended to this day. There is said to be a scheme of defence in Holland, centering in Amsterdam, whereby the whole kingdom can be flooded and the bridges blown up should such desperate steps be necessary.

We are fond of admiring the heroism or pitying the necessity which keeps the vine grower of Italy at work on the sides of Vesuvius. In Holland a danger as great as that from earthquakes, equally powerful and more constant, is transformed into a helper. Eternal vigilance is the price of dry land. If Hollanders had settled the slopes of Vesuvius they would not merely have braved its dangers.

They would have calked the smaller cracks and piped heat from the larger ones over their farms and would have grown grapes and vegetables all winter. As an instance of their thrift, there are many farms where hard peat is found underlying a layer of clay. This clay is carefully put on one side, the peat is removed, the water is drained off, and the clay mixed with sand is restored, making an excellent soil. Can you beat that?

There is a fine gallery of paintings in the Ryks Museum. The best known, and strange to say, the best executed, is "The Night Watch," by Rembrandt. The management has been wise enough to give it a separate room and it richly merits the distinction. In the handling of light and shade and in the animation of the figures it is a masterpiece. It tells a story and tells it plainly and you do not need to be told that you are looking at one of the triumphs of art.

Of course, "Susannah and the Elders" are among those present. I have seen so many "Susannahs" in so many surprised attitudes that I have grown cynical. She undoubtedly was a good woman, but has a lot of fool friends

OLD SUNKEN GATE—AMSTERDAM

among the painters. Then there is a Vander Helst banquet wrought out so well that you almost fear that the drop of lemon juice on the oyster shell will dry up and leave a stain on the canvas. Of course, there are anatomical pictures as a result of the success of Rembrandt's "Lesson in Anatomy," at The Hague. They are nightmares on canvas that stare you out of countenance. Well done? Yes. That is the trouble. The better they are done the worse they look.

Corporation pictures of groups of burgomasters are hung here and there. For all his phlegm, your old Hollander spent a good deal of money on portraits of himself.

The Stadhuis has on its rear wall a group of statuary. Atlas in the center with Temperance on one side and Vigilance on the other. The same being interpreted, "If you can't be temperate, be careful."

The Palace cost eight million florins and is severely plain. It rests on fourteen thousand piles driven seventy feet into the ground. Some wag named it "The House without a Door" and called the Bourse near by with its Grecian portico "The Door without a House." The

square in front of the Palace is called "Dam." That's all. Just plain Dam. Some taxpayer looked at the palace and at the bill of costs and then christened the square.

The queen uses the Palace one week each year, and then has fifty-one weeks in which to forget its extérior, for inside, it is a delight. Most of the marble flooring is covered by wood, during the absence of the royal family. The furniture dates from 1808, and was put in by Napoleon. But it is in its marble carving that the Amsterdam palace excels all rivals. One queer idea is a statue called "Silence," a female figure. Diana has a prominent place in one of the large halls and her weapons, hunting bag and accoutrements, are wrought out in stone as delicately as lace work. In every room and at every turn your eyes are delighted by masterpieces of sculpture.

The old butler who showed us through was performing his duty in a rather perfunctory manner when a strategist in our party murmured, "Oh, this is not a bad palace, but it does not compare with the 'House in the Wood.'" Presto! How his manner altered. "Wait, I will show you. Did the 'House in the Wood'

have anything like that?" From that on he showed us the best that he had in stock, and even condescended to prevaricate about some of his exhibits.

The palace was originally a stadhuis and many of the carvings are allegorical. The door of the room which was once used as a bankruptcy court has bas-reliefs around and over it depicting Icarus' fall, while rats and mice gnaw at documents and treasure chests.

The throne room has magnificent chandeliers but the star chamber of the palace is the audience room. It is one hundred feet high and fifty-seven by one hundred and seventeen feet surface dimensions unbroken by a single column; supported entirely by tax-payers.

A lady asked our conductor to show us the queen's bed-room, but he said, "It is noding. De queen sleeps choost like anoder man."

The women of Holland conduct the shops and are much finer looking than the men. In one post card store was exhibited a book called "La Jungle; Les.Empoisonneurs de Chicago."

We had a stupid guide during part of one day. He pointed out automobiles and took us a long drive to show us a modern turn-bridge.

He insisted on telling us all about the San Francisco earthquake and seemed prouder of his smattering of American news than of his beautiful city. Finally, he laid the last straw on my back. We wished to return to the hotel for a photographic film, and told him our desire. He issued orders to the coachman. The carriage was driven several blocks and stopped. I asked him why he stopped at that point. He gave me elaborate directions for walking the two or three blocks which intervened between us and the hotel. As rain was falling, I indignantly ordered the driver to take us there and we settled with our guide and went on our unimpeded way.

As it was raining quite hard by this time we drove to a diamond-cutting establishment and watched the process by which a dull, unattractive pebble is rubbed and scraped until it becomes a brilliant gem. We priced a few unset diamonds. Among others was a magnificent bluish white stone for which the proprietor wanted seven thousand dollars. It was in a case by itself, set apart from the common herd like Rembrandt's "Night Watch." We would as soon have thought of tearing the painting

from its frame and hiding it in a cellar as of taking that beautiful stone from where all could see and enjoy it and locking it in a private casket. We grew real noble and unselfish over the matter and while the salesman was disappointed, he was plainly awed by the grand stand we took. And that was all we took, except several looks at the heaps of gems around us.

Having exhausted the possibilities of the diamond-cutting establishment as a place of amusement, we returned to the sidewalk, and finding the weather still heavy, went back to the hotel, and I started in search of a barber-shop. My barber was a Frenchman. His shop contained three chairs. They were of the ordinary cane-seated variety, but with an adjustable head-piece for stretching the victim, similar to those exhibited in the old prison at The Hague. The barbers wore white coats of Prince Albert length and I was invested in a Mother Hubbard with full-length sleeves and buttons down the back. The work was well and quickly done, for a price about one-half of home rates. How much more my bill would have been had I not refused the half dozen

brands of perfume, pomade, and brillantine urged on me, I am unable to say.

Having prolonged my stay in the barber-shop as long as possible, let me beg you to accompany me back to our hotel room. For if you are to share our travels, you must not be deceived into thinking there are no "gray days" in Holland. Let us sit at our window and gaze out at leaden skies and scurrying pedestrians. It is too drizzly to walk and too hazy for photographs, so eyes and pencil must gather and transmit to you when legs and camera refuse to act.

Amsterdam's streets and canals are in concentric circles like an onion-peel, and the resemblance to an onion does not cease with the formation.

At our feet is the intersection of Amstel and Sorphati streets. The latter crosses the canal by a bridge and leads to the Exposition building, a cheap affair of glass and corrugated iron, big enough and ugly enough for any city in the United States. Its exterior is plastered with advertisements of vermouth, cocoa, and other beverages.

The trolleys are following the excellent num-

RIVERSIDE BOATS — AMSTERDAM

eral system mentioned before and share the streets with the push carts. Following the trolley car is a wagon painted white, immaculately clean and labeled "Ijs Handel," which means that the ice man is abroad. The Hollander is very fond of "j's." Wherever there is room every "i" is followed by a "j." If Belgium is the country of Rubens, Holland is certainly the country of "j's."

Following the ice wagon are more push carts and a dozen cyclists. Under the bridge glide barges and house-boats and gasoline launches. Not many dogs are employed in hauling in Amsterdam. The city is too big and busy for that. The dogs were freed by law from the labor of towing boats thirty or forty years ago. Women and children took their places.

Amsterdam has six hundred thousand people, seventy thousand of whom are Jews. We drove through the Jewish quarter today. It is the oldest part of the city and it is as crowded as their facial peculiarities will admit. Their noses seem to thrive by what they feed upon and the largest ones are in evidence in neighborhoods where most people would prefer not

to have any. The district abounds in markets and booths rather than stores.

We lunched on pannekoek and spiegelieren, which are nothing worse than pan cakes and eggs. For a small country to crowd itself with such words seems foolish. In Rotterdam they have a philosophical society whose motto is "Verschiedenheit an Overrenstemming." It means, "Variety and Harmony." To American eyes it is much more suggestive of variety than harmony.

We tramped over much of the city trying to find a piece of leather or a pair of insoles. We finally succeeded. The fresh insight it gave us into Dutch courtesy repaid the trouble. They seemed more depressed over their inability to supply us than we were but were always pleasant and gave us a cheerful "Good day" when we left their shops. It is the universal custom here and in Belgium to lift your hat to the clerk when you enter a store, and when you leave it. One jeweler from whom we had purchased nothing wrote out the name and address of a competitor who he thought could accommodate us.

After dinner we went to a concert where we

listened to a good orchestra render classical music. The admission charge was fourteen cents and included a cup of excellent coffee.

On the morning of our last day in Amsterdam we moved to a hotel nearer the depot in order to get an early start on our tour of the small towns. We will visit five villages on a circular excursion by tram, train and trek-schuyt.

On our way to the station we snapped the Crying Tower. We passed it yesterday but the weather was weeping too hard for kodaking. This ancient tower is on the bank of the canal and formerly marked the point of departure of sea-going vessels. It witnessed thousands of tearful partings in days when crossing the ocean was no mere holiday jaunt, hence its name.

## VII

### *A Zuider Zee Excursion*

NEAR the station we went aboard a small launch which took us to the point of departure of the Brœk (pronounced broke) train. We are surrounded by English tourists.

The Dutch have a dry sense of humor. Their *new* church in Amsterdam was built in 1408. I asked the concierge if he thought the plastering thoroughly dry. They also have an exaggerated notion of the speed of an American pedestrian. If they tell you that anything is within fifteen minutes' walk, and you reach it in half an hour, you have probably broken a record.

Our launch starts and in two minutes the captain cries "Hats off" for a low bridge. B. says that I do not need to stoop so much, but I would rather miss it a foot than hit it an inch. Another bob of our heads and we pass

into the Y (pronounced I) and across it to the train. Climbing aboard, we are soon in the open country with a two-story canal on one side, and a reservoir eight feet above us on the other. We pass miles of green pasture where black and white cows graze by the side of silent canals and their reflections as they ruminate make you frantic to stop the train for a picture. Windmills wave a welcome to you on every hand.

Brœk is a "show" place with a guide book reputation for cleanliness. Do not misunderstand me. Brœk is clean. It is clean Brœk. But so are dozens of other Holland villages. We walked down its brick-paved streets and followed their spotless courses between rows of dainty cottages set in little hand-made yards with here and there a group of statuary or a tiny fountain. Our walk terminated at a model cheese dairy. Here we were conducted through the spick and span residence portion of the house to the still neater part reserved for the cows. The cow house is divided into stalls. Each stall has a glass window, in front of which is draped a lace curtain. The floor is covered with oil cloth. Loops are hung

from the ceiling from which the cows' tails are suspended during the milking process. A misplaced switch might do a great deal of damage at a critical moment. There is a suspiciously large pump in the cow parlor. The hay is stored in the middle of the house. The milking is done at four in the morning. Even the cream rises early in Holland. It is mixed with rennet and churned in a large mixer. The whey is drained off and fed to the pigs, and the cheese is put into earthenware moulds and kept under pressure four hours. It is then placed in a salt mixture for four days and allowed to dry for five or six weeks before marketing. The red Edam cheese best known in America is dipped into a dye vat to give it the required color. We visited the living rooms and drank milk and were shown the way the bipeds live. The beds are in recesses in the walls and are closed by doors like a cupboard. Above the bed is an upper berth for the baby and it is seldom without an occupant. Everything is absolutely clean.

The old church has an ebony pulpit made in 1685, for Brœk was once the home of wealth. The quaint old foot-warmers were piled in one

BELLES OF THE ZUIDER ZEE

corner. Winters are cold in Holland and churches are insufficiently heated. Each woman is provided with a foot-stove, in which peat is burned.

We return to our train and depart for Monnikendam. This is a quaint old village. Half of the inhabitants are asleep and the other half are afraid of awakening them. It boasts of a sixteenth century tower and a still older church. Its houses totter with age and it has, of course, a picturesque cheese market. Most of these old towns of the Zuider Zee are too large for their present population, and have public buildings far beyond their present needs. Their tarnished civil finery hangs on their shrunken frames and exaggerates their present poverty and forlornness. Spoiled by tourists these people are eager for opportunities to pose for pennies in front of our camera in a way that would earn them the scorn of the sturdy fisherfolk of Scheveningen.

We met a charming French family and remained with them through the balance of the day. The husband and father was burned out by the Chicago fire of 1871 and returned to France, where he has prospered. But all of his

old associates in the United States are millionaires, he said. He was very gentle in his treatment of our French accent and won our hearts. The daughter spoke French and English, but the mother spoke nothing but French. She asked us why we had not bought a cheese to take to America. We pleaded in extenuation the amount of luggage with which we were already burdened. She said with a comical shrug, "But in a few days the cheese would help you carry the others."

We took a steamer for Marken, a half-hour's ride on the Zuider Zee. This body of water is a mere infant among seas. It was formed in 1300, when the North Sea, in re-making its bed, threw part of the covering over several towns and villages and re-arranged the geography of Holland. It is large superficially, but not deep. Plans are being made to drain it and re-convert it into pasture and peat land.

Marken is another place that has been spoiled into self-consciousness by too much attention. Old customs and costumes are retained on this tiny island, but you feel that their preservation is a matter of revenue and not reverence. The children beg for pennies, and the women

clamor for positions in front of the camera. The men are sturdy fellows, but except on Sundays are not on the island. The few whom we saw did not seem to approve of the action of the women and children, and refused all requests to pose for photographs. From early Monday morning until late Saturday night they fish in the shallow waters of the Zuider Zee. That name means South Sea, and is pronounced almost to rhyme with chowder.

There are five or six thousand people on the island, and there has been little admixture of blood from the main land for centuries. Only the preacher and schoolmaster are aliens. This tiny little island has governed itself for many generations without interference from the rulers of Holland. Possibly its barrenness has as much to do with its independence as has its bravery. It offers few attractions to the tax collector.

All of the females from three years of age to a hundred dress alike. Their hempen colored hair, burned by the sun, is cut square across the forehead in a bang like a whitewash brush. Over this is a tight cap, from underneath which protrude two ropy-looking curls which are

brought over the shoulders and hang in front of the body on opposite sides of the face. The cap and waist are of the red and yellow pattern, a cross between a bandana handkerchief and a Vatican Swiss guard. Their hips are padded from the moment they can toddle.

Marken is not diked to amount to anything and many of the houses are built on stilts. They are all of wood except the pastor's residence, which is stone. The interiors are scrupulously neat. The rules of good Marken society require the wooden shoes to be kicked off and left outside the house. You will see rows of them at thresholds as you walk along the streets.

We entered the modest little Calvinist church. Modest as it is, and meager as are its furnishings, it is orthodox in one respect. It has a church debt and a box is placed near the door for the reception of contributions. It must be slow work raising funds in that community. Most of the money comes from tourists, and comes rather slowly, it must be confessed. After several centuries of endeavor, the debt is now two thousand five hundred dol-

MEN OF MARKEN

lars, on a building which could be duplicated for five thousand dollars.

We leave Marken for Volendam on the good launch, "President Roosevelt." It is cold on the water. We abandon the aristocratic awning of the first cabin and emerge into the sunshine of the second class at the other end of the boat. There are fishing smacks in every direction.

Volendam is the resort of painters and mine host of the Hotel Spaander is their patron saint. Many a poor artist has been allowed to partake of his generous hospitality and to pay in promises, maturing when his ship should come in. And notwithstanding the hundreds of ships that do come into Volendam so few of them belong to artists that his only pay in many cases takes the form of pictures. And so his hotel is filled with paintings, some of them good, and all of them interesting. Some are on canvas and others are on the plastered walls. Few artists who have studied abroad have failed to visit Hotel Spaander, and many whose ships have come in laden with fame and gold hung their earlier efforts on its walls.

We eat an excellent lunch and add ourselves

to the list of those who remember this spot with gratitude. Our meal is served on the piazza overlooking the water. A fisherman in quaint costume is posing on the pier, while in front of him an artist sits at his easel transferring his mortal outlines to immortal canvas. The waitresses, daughters of mine host, to whom this bunch of hungry tourists is no holiday picture, are punching our tickets, for this meal is a part of the day's entertainment, for which the total charge is one dollar and eighty cents per person, first-class.

And now for Edam on a trekschuyt towed by a man and kept away from the bank by another man with a pole. It is not rapid but it is restful to watch them work. We study the man ahead, with his harness over his breast and shoulders, as he bends to his work. Towing twenty tourists who have lunched table d'hôte at the Spaander is no light task, and as you watch his efforts something strangely familiar in his gait strikes you. You are puzzled. You have never seen a man towing a boat at home, and yet you have seen people walk exactly like that. Of course! How stupid of you not to see it at once. Certain young ladies in the

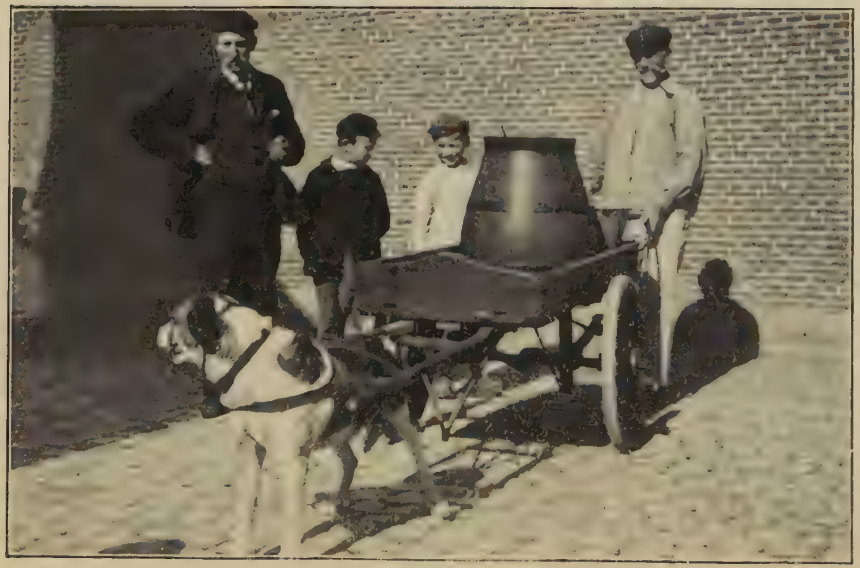
United States have that same bend, that same swing of the arms back of the hips. And you realize with mental apologies that what you have considered an affectation with them is simply a case of unconscious atavistic reversion to a canal boat ancestry.

We are passing an interesting duck farm. The duck pens have threads strung across the top, about a yard apart and this palpable bluff actually keeps those ducks from attempting to fly over the low boundaries of their prisons. Henceforth as a symbol of stupidity, the duck ranks with the goose, in my estimation.

We have not seen a field of grain in Holland. All the land seems to be devoted to pasture or to vegetable and flower gardens. Our men tow us along at ordinary walking speed and seem to notice the sun's rays less than we on the boat. In half an hour we are in Edam, the town which gives the name to the best-known cheese in Holland, but which, of course, produces only a small portion thereof.

We simply walk through Edam amid the joyful acclaim of the villagers. "Good bye" and *"Bon jour"* represent their polyglot acquirements and they try both on each member of the

party. It does not sound very hospitable to be welcomed with a "Good bye," but, perhaps it will suggest better than volumes the speed with which tourists are jerked through their streets. At any rate we impart quite as much pleasure as we receive and are as great curios to the Hollanders as they are to us. Even the old houses seem to stoop and peer at us through their window glasses as we pass along. Perhaps they have been pulled over by the loads which are drawn up by the cranes which project below every gable.



A MILK CART IN EDAM

## VIII

### *Zaandam and Zaandyk*

EARLY the next morning our hotel porter carries our suit cases to the depot and we bid farewell to Amsterdam, sometimes called the "Venice of Holland," but Venetian only in mosquitos. In twelve minutes we reached Zaandam. It was 8:02 and no one was up so we struck out on foot for the house of Peter the Great. A long walk brought us to our destination. The house was occupied by him in 1697 for a short time. It is now the property of the Russian government and has been enclosed by another building, and not any too soon. The high water caused by the breaking of a dike almost carried it off in 1825. Since then it has been well taken care of. This is the birth place of the Russian navy, which lived over two hundred years and was buried at sea. The house looks pretty wobbly but it outlasted the navy. It was a hundred years

old when Peter moved in. Many memorials adorn the walls. The original bed and table are preserved. A full length portrait of Peter hangs in one room. It represents him at the age of twenty-five, when he was ransacking all Europe for ideas which he could take home to Russia. It shows him as he was, a creature of unbounded animal energy and courage, a man who, when whipped, swore that he would keep on fighting until his enemies had taught him how to whip them. He founded St. Petersburg in 1703 and spent millions on internal improvements. These millions were partly raised by taxes levied on beards and the skirts of the Tartars' coats. His subjects willingly paid the tax rather than surrender either.

The present Czar once slept all night in Peter's bed, but it did not take. The old lady in charge has been there thirty-eight years, having inherited the job from her mother. We were admitted to the attic, which is not usually open to visitors. But kind smiles and a double tip won the heart of the custodian. She presented us with some post cards and two red roses grown in Peter's yard. Sight-seers can

thank Anna Paulowna for much of the preservation of this interesting house. She was a Russian princess, a descendant of Peter, and married William II. of Holland.

It rained most of the time we were in Peter's house. Bædeker says that the reason Peter did not stay longer in Zaandam was that he was annoyed by the curiosity of the natives when his identity was discovered, but we think it was on account of the weather.

However, it cleared a bit and we took a carriage drive through Zaandam and Zaandyk. We drove for three quarters of a mile along a twelve-foot street flanked by a sidewalk varying from nothing to three feet in width. A canal is on one side of us and stores on the other. Across the ten-foot canal are little residences, each with its tiny drawbridge. We have glimpses of the Zaan River on our right between the stores. Our drive terminates at a windmill which is grinding corn and oil-cake. We climb up several dusty ladders and the proprietor tells us that his raw material all comes from America. From the little gallery midway can be seen thirty windmills in varying stages

of activity. The mills are so constructed that the part which bears the arms can be turned to catch the breeze. The arms are of lattice work and when the breeze is light, canvas is stretched over part or all of the latticed surface thus increasing the wind pressure. Many mills have small models like weather vanes to indicate the direction of the wind for the information of the miller in adjusting his apparatus.

We were shown courteously through the home which nestles at the foot of the mill and saw the same shining neatness that you find in every Dutch abode.

We passed the scene of a conflagration on our return. A long hose was stretched along the bank of the canal and water was being forced into it by half a dozen men operating a hand-pump. It was pretty hard work as the hose was punctured and spouted merrily every ten feet. Small boys tried to hold the cracks shut with little success and it looked as though the only dry place along that entire hose length was at the nozzle.

Our street was so narrow that in avoiding a loaded push-cart on one side of it we struck an

THE OLD MILL ON THE ZAAN

empty one on the other and sent it upside down into the canal. Our driver never stopped but two or three men rescued the cart without exhibiting anger or surprise at the accident. Possibly they had heard about automobiles and were glad to escape with their lives.

## IX

### *Helder*

NOW we take our longest railroad journey up to the present time. It requires an hour and nineteen minutes to go to Helder, "the Gibraltar of the North Sea."

This country is full of babies and very old people. Apparently deaths are rare and births are plentiful. Hence, colonization is necessary to take care of the surplus population now that the Spanish Inquisition is no more; and Hollanders have always been the best of colonizers.

We invaded a first-class compartment holding "eight personen," and although there were six people already in it and we had a great quantity of luggage, no one frowned or made a face at us. Our only reason for traveling "eerste klasse" is that we have considerable hand luggage and are less liable to be international nuisances than in the more crowded

second-class compartments. For travelers who carry trunks the second-class accommodations are much cheaper and the surroundings are just as desirable.

Some of the ticket windows have an ingenious shelf on which you place your money. The same motion that draws the money toward the ticket seller slides your ticket to you on a lower shelf.

Our train takes us through Alkmaar, to which place we will return this evening and spend the night in order to be there on Friday, the day of the cheese market. Five of our eight companions got off at Alkmaar and gave us room in which to stretch out. Polite people always tender you the seat with its back to the engine, in Europe, in order that you may escape some of the cinders if the window is open.

Leaving Alkmaar we pass miles of market gardens largely given over to green and purple cabbages, the most popular vegetable in Holland. The one least liked is the leek.

There are few bare-footed children, but a great many in woolen stockings and wooden shoes. They clatter after your carriage and

hang on behind. Like children, all the world over, if they find you do not care they soon leave you for some more irascible and, to them, more interesting tourists.

The narrow sidewalks, together with the clean pavements, combine to make people walk in the streets. Once our cabby had to drive on the sidewalk to avoid the pedestrians.

I am so fond of Hollanders that I dislike to record their pettiness in the matter of cab charges. No rate arranged for in advance is binding and after you have overpaid them fifty per cent they hold out their hand for a *pourboire*. And while I am in a critical mood, I may as well state that much of their art to our hasty observation indicates that while they are as a nation singularly free from many vices, yet they are coarse and material and blunt in their attitude toward the refinements of life.

About the most dreary sight in Holland is a sheep herder's hut. It is about as big as a dog kennel but not so well built, being made of thatch that soaks up the falling rain so that it continues raining inside for several days after it has ceased outside.

Our waiter at Helder commenced to tell us

the menu in very fair English, but I never can let well enough alone. I said, "Have you no *carte de jour*?" "Yes, please."

He was gone five minutes and returned with one written by himself in pencil. We are too early for the regular luncheon but we are ushered into the "Eetzaal," where a table is spread for us and a repast prepared. That is why Holland is so restful. Nothing is impossible. Nothing is even difficult if mynheer desires it.

This is the country of rosy cheeks. Babies, girls, women and old crones, all have blotches of red and look the picture of health. We just passed an old woman whose face looked like an old cranberry, it was so round and red.

There are thirty thousand children who live on the canals and this floating population offers a serious obstacle to compulsory education.

After lunch we drove out to the harbor and past the naval school and training ship. The officers' quarters were built by Napoleon, who expended a great deal of labor in this neighborhood. Realizing its strategic importance at the entrance to the Zuider Zee, he transformed Helder by the magic of his indomitable will from a fishing village into a fortress of the first

rank. We drove two miles along the great Helder Dyke, a model of which we saw in the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam. It is Holland's outpost against the North Sea. It is five miles long, twelve feet wide at the top and descends into the sea two hundred feet, and is entirely built of Norwegian granite brought here at great cost. The tons of sea grass deposited on the dike are dried and used for mattresses. Anyone who has ever slept on a sea-weed mattress can understand why the ocean at times tosses so restlessly in its bed. Across the strait we can see the low coast of the Island of Texel.

Our drive ended at the lofty lighthouse. We were told that we might make the ascent if we desired and that the view was magnificent. But we told them that we could not see it that way. Instead thereof, we watched a fisherman and his boy being tossed about in a wherry, reeling their lines as calmly as though their boat was stationary, when at times it seemed to be engulfed.

Our guide said that the guns we heard belonged to "sea-soldiers shooting for to learn" or "learning for to shoot," I am not sure which.

Gangs of men are at work repairing this

BEACHING A BOAT AT HELDER

monster artificial coast. Barges are unloading granite and every square foot of the dike is tested daily.

We went through Helder lengthways, crossways and diagonally and we still have an hour to spare, so we are sitting in an *al fresco* café drinking "melk" at four cents a glass and resting. The various uniforms, military, naval and civil, form an interesting study. People live in rings in Holland. Rings mark growth in trees, but they restrict it in communities.

Helder is a "new" town and densely dull. The houses are of uniform size. The streets are straight and narrow and everything is so clean as to tire the eyes. The butcher shops are as spotless and shining as the candy stores.

## X

### *Alkmaar*

WE return to Alkmaar on the four o'clock train. As Helder is a terminus, we have ample time to take possession of a compartment and spread ourselves. Alkmaar means "all sea." Forty-three lakes once covered this province. Cornelius Drebel, the inventor of the thermometer, was born here in 1634 and prior thereto, in 1595, Paschiers Lammertyn invented damask weaving in this same unpretentious town. We learn facts like the above in almost every city we visit, and our attitude towards the stolid, plodding citizens around us is changing from good-natured amusement to a most humble respect. We are sure that the genius which once was Holland's is not dead, but sleeping, and simply awaits the occasion to assert itself.

Many of the hotels on the Continent give you a rate on the European plan, including

lights and service, and have notices in the rooms reserving the right to advance the rate if guests take meals outside the hotel. Another practice which worries a teetotaler is that of adding twenty or thirty cents to the price of a table d'hôte dinner when wine is not ordered.

Our train passed a field of nasturtiums as red and yellow as a prairie fire. There are several acres of bloom and it is only one of the many such fields that make rural Holland a flame of color.

De Tœlast is a comparatively new hotel, but it occupies the site of its predecessor, which dated from 1600, and its management has been in the same family for centuries.

Like most Holland towns, Alkmaar has had its troubles. In 1573 it successfully withstood a Spanish siege.

Its Groote Kerk is a large building with whitewashed interior and timber vaulting. It contains a curious set of pictures painted in 1507, representing the seven acts of mercy. They are painted on boards and are anatomical wonders. We were assured that they were "rare works of art." Construing "rare" as

sounded by sliding the bell up and down. This is an altogether unnecessary exertion on the part of the driver, for you can hear the clack of the horse's hoofs on the clinker paving farther than you can the gong.

Good pavements are universal in town and country. Clinker bricks predominate, but there are occasional stretches of macadam, with a clinker path for the horses in the center. Usually you strike these just about the time that you feel the filling of your teeth separating. It requires an alert driver to keep his horse on the clinkers for he naturally prefers the macadam and this causes us to "tack" a great deal.

We enjoyed the cheese market immensely. One of the mysteries to a visitor from America is how Holland squeezes a living out of her scanty resources. It is undoubtedly true that the Dutch peasant would live and accumulate a bank account on what the American farmer wastes. North Holland makes three million dollars' worth of cheese every year on land which needs to be nursed and petted and set up with nights to make it produce anything.

Just as the clock struck eight and the chimes played "Home, Sweet Home" in the weigh-

THE OLD WEIGH HOUSE—ALKMAAR

house tower, we stepped into the busy cheese market. The product is all of the Edam variety, spherical and yellow, and as soft as the best Swiss cheese. It is not the red, brittle proposition which we gouge out at home. The buyers are testing and tasting and smelling the cheese and haggling over prices. Your true Dutchman dearly loves to bargain. When a deal is concluded the buyer signals his porters, who carry off the big yellow balls on stretchers to the official scales. Each buyer has a distinct color for his porters' blouses, and the scene is lively and picturesque. The weigh-house dates from 1582 and the tower from 1599. It was fixed up a few years ago and now looks good for another three hundred years without retouching.

fort and cultivation. Pretty villas with miniature moats and tiny drawbridges delight the eye. Many farms are devoted to flower culture and the accurately planted rows look like gaily colored ribbons stretching away from the train on either side.

Enkhuizen is another "dead city," and has only about one-sixth of its seventeenth-century population. It is our port of embarkation for Stavoren. Its fishing industry has disappeared. Its Stavoren Poort is entirely deserted even by the sea. It is an older town than Amsterdam, having been founded about 1000 A. D. It is three hundred years older than the Zuider Zee and narrowly escaped a splashing when that sea was formed. In 1514 the Zuider Zee tried it again and temporarily wiped Enkhuizen off the map. It rose above the wave, or the wave receded, to be exact, and under Spanish rule it became a fortified town. It opened its gates to William the Silent in 1572 and remained ever loyal to the cause of Dutch freedom.

Paul Potter was born here in 1625. His father took the family to Amsterdam in 1631. In 1646, Paul joined the Painters' Guild at Delft, and in 1649 settled at The Hague and

LEANING HOUSES AT HOORN

married. Maurice of Nassau became his patron, and his most celebrated but not his best painting, the "Bull," is the pride of the Mauritshuis Gallery today. In 1653 he returned to Amsterdam, where he died the following year, a victim of overwork. He left over one hundred pictures and a large number of etchings.

At the Enkhuizen depot we found ourselves for the first time in a town without an English-speaking inhabitant. We had to make known our desires for a carriage by pantomime. When we were finally understood, we found that the only way to get a conveyance was to go to the solitary livery stable in the town and hire one. Our informant cheerfully headed the procession to the barn of M. Visser, where we bargained for a two-horse carriage for forty cents an hour. We were just beginning to realize some of the difficulties of outlining an itinerary to our driver when a female voice from an upper window accosted us in English. Our pleasure was the greater for being unexpected, and we discovered that the voice proceeded from Mr. Visser's sister-in-law, a citizeness of the United States for thirty years, who was spending a month in her native

town. She was as pleased to talk English as we were to hear it, and she gladly shared our carriage and acted as interpreter and guide.

We first drove to the Drommedaris tower, a sixteenth century relic of the days when Enkhuizen was fortified. Thence we asked to be shown the choir screen in the Westerkerk. This is one of the finest pieces of wood-carving in Holland, and bears relief figures of prophets and apostles beautifully done. The baptismal-room is an important adjunct to a Holland church, and the one in the Westerkerk is large and prettily decorated. The deacon's room was just receiving its finishing touches, and the sand on the floor had been moulded into artistic designs by the care-taker. Each deacon's pipe bears its owner's initials and is ready for use at the next meeting.

Our drive took us past the hospital. It was a welcome respite from clinker paving to strike the asphalted street which bounds the hospital on every side.

After thanking our conductress, who, after a struggle 'twixt love and duty, saved us from an overcharge on the part of her brother-in-law, we had an hour for luncheon before start-

ing for Sneek by way of Stavoren. We should have bought through tickets, but in our ignorance did not do so. Consequently we will try to explain our desires to the Stavoren ticket agent in the eight minutes' interval between the landing of our boat "Groningen" and the departure of the Sneek train.

Our boat is spick and span, like all Holland craft. The Zuider Zee radiates an opalescence all its own as we move through the light haze. This peculiar glow is due to the shallowness of the huge basin, and is found nowhere else.

We are only a little more than an hour on the boat, and the low shores of Friesland soon come into view. Friesland boasts that she has never bowed her head to despot. Her men are the tallest and her women the handsomest in Holland. When she made her boast she alluded to foreign despots, of course, for the first legend that you read connected with Stavoren is that of the Vrouwensand, a sandbar which chokes the harbor.

It seems that years ago the wife of a wealthy merchant desired one of her husband's sea captains to bring her from abroad "the most precious thing in the world." She was femi-

nine and imaginative. He was Dutch and literal. He brought her a cargo of wheat. In anger, she ordered the cargo dumped into the harbor. The grain took root and helped to form the sandbar, which put Stavoren out of business as a port for large vessels.

## XII

### *In Friesland*

WE did not stay long in Stavoren, but took the train for a twenty-seven-minute run to Sneek. Our first halt was at Workum. That would make a good name for some of our bond-selling American railroads: The Workum & Sneek Railway.

Just at that point the train stopped and the guard put his head into the compartment and yelled "Sneek!" We got out.

A curved walk under lovely shade trees brought us in view of our first stork "at home." The nest was on top of a high pole, and when he discovered our wishes we had no trouble in getting a picture. The distance rendered the result rather small, but a more quiet sitter never posed for a camera in the world.

Hollanders are enthusiastic billiard players. Every village and hamlet has signs announcing "billards," and frequently there are several

to a block. We are sitting in a billiard hall stirring "lemon squash" with a horn-spoon and studying the orderly crowd around us.

Everyone is the soul of courtesy, and you are kept busy responding to lifted hats from all grades of men, including the day-laborers. Someone ought to write a poem, and set it to music, on the clang of the klompen on the clinker. Certainly the man who made the first wooden shoe must have foreseen the brick pavement, for they are pitched in the same key and make sweet music in the summer air when school lets out or errands are run.

Sneek has a pretty Louis XIV stadhuis and an old water-gate, but its chief charm to the traveler is its people.

Having lost our bearings, we entered a grocery store and asked directions from its busy proprietor. He called a clerk and told him to accompany us to our destination. Later, en route to the depot, we made inquiry of a prosperous-looking citizen who was talking with another gentleman on the sidewalk. He dropped all other concerns, walked to the corner of the block with us, pointed the proper

A STORK "AT HOME"

way, and acknowledged our thanks by a polite lifting of the hat.

At another time we waited for the closing of a bridge which spanned a twenty-foot canal. Only a single chain was stretched across the roadway, but it held the crowd like a stone wall. In America we would have been over before the bridge stopped turning, but not in Holland. Not a soul moved until the man who was furnishing the power laid down his lever and released the chain.

The Frisian language is different from that of the rest of Holland. It more nearly resembles English. It is said that a Scotch Highlander has no trouble in making himself understood in Friesland; but why that is cited as proof that their talk resembles English, I cannot say. At any rate, there is a marked similarity in the dialects of the two sections, and this has formed a basis for much interesting speculation pointing to a common origin.

We reached Leeuwarden in forty-one minutes after leaving Sneek. Leeuwarden is the ancient capital of Friesland. We register at the Amicitia and search the book in vain for another English or American name for

have an eighteenth century set of rooms from Hindeloopen completely furnished and very interesting. We cast envious eyes at a set of East Indian china containing nine hundred pieces, but we compromised on being permitted to purchase four Delft plates of the sixteenth century, and to leave orders for some fifteenth century ware to be made and shipped to our home address. How time flies in an antique salesroom!

YOUNG HOLLAND

## XIII

### *Groningen and Assen*

WE drive back to the station and catch the train for Groningen and leave Leeuwarden behind us with its 33,600 people and not a street-car. In addition to the difficulty that would be experienced in getting a Hollander to pay carfare under any circumstances, it must be borne in mind that Dutch cities are compactly built and cover very small areas. Many a town in the United States with only 3,500 inhabitants is spread out over more territory than Leeuwarden. Houses are built flush with the sidewalk and with no intervening yard space. This was done in days of old, when towns were circumscribed by walls, and has been continued partly from habit or conservatism, and partly as a measure of thrift.

Our train just crossed a country road paved for miles, having a row of uniform trees on each side of it, better than most city boule-

yards at home. We are carrying a lot of soldiers and distributing them at the little towns. Every train seems to carry them, and every depot has a crowd of them.

Groningen has 69,500 people and is the capital of the province of the same name. It is a Hanseatic town and can trace its pedigree to the ninth century. Its university was founded in 1614.

For the benefit of those who have "forgotten" what the Hanseatic League was, it may be well to state briefly that it was German in its origin and commercial in its purposes, but had nothing to do with baseball. At the height of its power it included eighty-five cities, but jealousy and over-reaching among its members honeycombed it, and its separate cities surrendered their rights one by one to their respective sovereigns. They did a good work in affording to commerce the protection which arrogant over-lords were too blind or too weak to extend. In their day they declared war and signed treaties. In short, they made trade so safe and profitable that as a reward for their efforts it was taken away from them, and in 1630 they held their last meeting.

It is necessary to inspect your railroad tickets closely in Holland. The round-trip ticket only costs one-fourth more than the single trip, so its use is almost universal. We cannot use them, as we are going straight ahead, but I bought two to Groningen and return, by mistake, and now have two inexpensive and characteristic souvenirs.

No carriages were at the depot, so we waited twenty minutes for one to be brought, and then drove to the church of St. Martin. As usual, the cabby wanted to show us the new part of town, but we were firm. The church has a fine tower and an excellent organ. Near the tower is the Regthuis, a small building built in 1509, and now used as a guard-house. We drove past the University grounds, through the park, to another of Holland's well-organized charities, an asylum for the deaf and dumb. Every claim of human suffering is cared for. Our driver showed us what he called "a house for loose children," which we interpreted to mean an orphan asylum.

Then we drove to one of the meaningless sights of the town, the old house in Jat Street which bears the bas-relief of a bearded man's

head with the inscription *Ich kiek noch in't*—"I still peep into it." But no one seemed to know the story connected therewith.

Here is something for you to remember: If you ask a cabby "How much?" after a ride, he will not overcharge you. If, on the contrary, you tender him fifty per cent in excess of his fare without inquiry, he will invariably demand more.

Speaking of cabbies reminds me of a curious fact, viz., that Holland horses do not know how to back. If one gets into a tight place he simply must turn around, for the backing process is entirely unknown to both horse and driver.

Assen is forty minutes' ride from Groningen. According to Baedeker, "it is a town of 9,500 inhabitants partly concealed by woods"; so we will look behind the trees for the inhabitants. It is the capital of Drenthe. En route, we pass peat-bogs, with stacks of black peat drying in the sun, and see our first big wheat fields.

At Assen we are scheduled for three hours in a fifteen-minute town. So we go to a nearby café, where we sip lemonade and await the arrival of a carriage ordered by our bustling

landlady. We will drive to Rolde and see the Giants' Graves, a name given to two groups of bowlders deposited by some prehistoric glacier and bearing to the trained eye of the geologist the label, "Made in Norway."

When at home we join in the universal outcry against Standard Oil and the Sugar Trust, but in Holland we regret that the last named corporation does not follow the other one into Holland and improve the quality of the native sugar. It is coarse and gritty. Pulverized sugar is unknown. Long before the loaf-sugar furnished us has dissolved in our lemonade, the carriage is announced. B. gives the necessary instructions to the driver, who grasps everything she says with an alertness that should have warned us. We start out on the most magnificent ride of our trip. We get into the real country, with paved roads and between trees that fairly deserve the hackneyed title of "Monarchs of the Forest." We drive on and on, pass through a village, and out again into the country. It is delightful, but we are nervous regarding our train. We spy a sign, "Tumulibosch," and stop our unwilling driver and clamber out. A rustic gate admits us to

a dense wood, but with no indication of bowlders. After losing fifteen minutes and our path, we return to the carriage, having found plenty of "bosch" but no "tumuli."

We then have another heart-to-heart talk with the driver. "Oh, ja, Stein," he says, and whips up his horse. In ten minutes more he dismounts, exchanges his plug hat for a cap, and beckons us to follow on foot, leaving the horse to be baited during our absence.

After ten minutes' walk through an old churchyard and over ploughed ground, we reach two groups of bowlders, interesting to the antiquarian, and marvelous even to our jaded eyes.

They are thrown about in two heaps, as if spilled from some giant's hand. Trees have grown around them during the centuries that they have lain there. They have been rounded by glacial erosion, and when we remember that through the length and breadth of Holland these are the only rocks not brought here by the agency of man, we can understand the wonder they excite.

It had taken us almost two hours to reach the stones, and our train was due to leave

THE GIANTS' GRAVES

Assen in another hour. Naturally, we were perturbed, but the driver was calm with a Dutch calmness, alongside of which a cigar-store Indian is acrobatic.

At the end of twenty-five minutes we had settled back in our seats and bowed our heads to the inevitable, when B. said, "That place looks familiar," and lo and behold! It was the café from which we started.

It seems that the trouble arose from B.'s thinking that she was telling the driver to go past the town hall. She put it into her freshest Holland; Holland that she had only had a week. He said, "Eerste?" which means "First." We nodded an affirmative and he started off. B. said: "There! After this, you let me talk to these Hollanders. There is a different dialect for each province, and I seem to learn them more quickly than you."

As my vocabulary never pretends to go beyond distinguishing a smoking-compartment from the other kind, I meekly acquiesce. She hardly leaned back during the first mile, she was so elated with her success. After ten minutes of leafy woods, I murmured, "Where is the town hall?" She conceded that the

driver must have misunderstood the order of exercises, and that we were going to Rolde first. Finally, when we made our twenty-five-minute return, it dawned on us that in some way or other we had asked to be driven through the Assen Wood.

Well, it was worth the money.

## XIV

### *Zwolle and Kampen*

ASSEN to Zwolle is another long ride, taking an hour and thirty-nine minutes. Zwolle is the capital of Over-Yssel. It is the birthplace of the painter Terburg. Thomas à Kempis lived sixty-four of his ninety-two years in a monastery in the suburbs.

Between Assen and Zwolle we pass miles of peat country, black and barren, covered with excrescences of heather, with here and there deep scars where the peat has been removed. Dark, noisome vapors are drawing over it like a shroud. It is a ghostly, dismal place, fit roaming-ground for another "Hound of the Baskervilles" to choose for his nightly prowlings.

Black and white cows move through the mist with blurred and softened outlines, while others are untouched by the vapor, and gaze at our train, in bovine placidity, as through a

torn web. Here are whole acres completely hidden, and our train rides through the clouds as though we were miles above the ocean level instead of several feet below it. A short distance away, a farmhouse with its clump of trees looks like an island. It is a weird, creepy ride, and we are glad when it is over.

We found a modern hotel at Zwolle, with good service and running water. Our room is on the first floor, or, to be exact, it is four steps above the first floor. It is twelve feet by twenty-four, and is furnished like a show-window. We have two French windows, a fireplace and marble mantel, a clock, bronze vases, four chairs, two tables, twin beds, a double washstand, a small stand for a candle, and one of those papered-over panels opening into a "no thoroughfare" sort of Bluebeard Chamber which reeks with mystery. All of this elegance costs one dollar each for room and breakfast.

Last evening a Saturday-night bedlam prevailed. It was the breaking up of a kirmess, and unbridled license held sway. There were yelling and singing and loud laughter until the wee, small hours.

This morning a Sabbath stillness pervades everything. I went downstairs and opened up the hotel. Everyone was asleep and the doors were locked. I unlocked and threw open the front door, paced the echoing clinkers for a while, but, seeing no signs of patronage, I locked up again and returned to our room.

We have been so busy that we forgot it was Sunday, and are forced to live economically until we can cash an express order. We have only had three post-cards in twenty-four hours.

We took a round-trip ticket to Kampen. It is a twenty-minute ride, and only costs twenty cents for a round-trip ticket, and that appeals to us. Kampen is another town that has seen better days. It was once a Hanse town, but its harbor has silted up and it has shrunk to twenty thousand people. It was formerly on the banks of the Zuider Zee, but is now an inland village. The geography of this country is constantly shifting. Places once reached by a steamer now depend on a tram line, and vice versa. Plowing the sea is no mere figure of speech in Holland. Much of the old bed of the Zuider Zee is now farm land. Before another century passes it will all be under culti-

vation, instead of under water, and the area of Holland will be nearly doubled.

We crossed a modern bridge after leaving the station, and walked along the principal street. We inquired of some boys the way to the Corn Market. They did not understand us, and a gentleman stepped up, hat in hand, and gave us directions. Their language is a closed book to us, but their hands are eloquent. They persist until they are satisfied that they have made their meaning clear, and apparently are proud of the fact that they can understand us, and it is quite an achievement.

Men, women and children in their Sunday clothes were trooping into the fourteenth-century Bovenkerk which faces the old market, and we followed them. We refused the offer of a seat on the part of a kindly and courteous old gentleman, but stood while a hymn was sung. Men and women occupy separate sections of the church, and the men frequently leave their hats on until they are seated.

Outside the church we noticed the sign of a publisher who had a most peculiar name: G. Nottrot. He would starve to death in the United States if he tried to live up to his name.

AN ARTISTIC WINDOW SHADE

We next visited the old Corn Market gate, which has been rendered ugly with whitewash. This is a great country for whitewashing ruins, a practice which obtains to some extent on our side of the Atlantic.

We went the length of the town to the Stadhuis, which was restored after the fire in 1543; but the statues on the exterior are from the original building, and they look it. They represent Charlemagne, Alexander the Great, Moderation, Fidelity, Justice, and Neighborly Love. They form rather a mixed crowd.

Within, we found an elaborately carved stand for the magistrates and little stalls through which peeped the advocates. A curtain-pole in front of the advocates was used for rolling briefs upon. The most attractive exhibit in the room is a beautifully sculptured marble mantel.

We return to Zwolle, and, after waiting twenty minutes for a carriage, which is especially summoned for us from a livery barn, we drive to the Sassenpoort, one of the old gateways in whose towers are stored the archives of the town.

Thence we take our leisurely way to the

Stadhuis. This building has a disappointing modern exterior; but do not be fooled by it. Within, it holds the quaintest of council-chambers, with an interesting fireplace and a ceiling supported by caryatides, which are caricatures of former councilmen carved in wood.

## XV

### *Utrecht and Arnhem*

BETWEEN Zwolle and Utrecht, our next stop, our road lies through the Veluwe, the most sterile portion of Holland. The Salvation Army has 220 acres under cultivation, giving employment to thirty men, and it is reclaiming land and men.

Utrecht is the capital of Utrecht province. It is a city of 108,500 people. It was the ford of the Rhine for ancient Rome. The Rhine here splits into the Old Rhine, which we saw at Leiden, and the Vecht, which empties into the Zuider Zee near Muiden. We are now within less than an hour's ride of Amsterdam, since leaving which city we have almost encircled that inland sea. When we reach Arnhem tonight we will have been in every province in Holland except Zeeland, and we will go there after visiting Belgium. This has been

accomplished in eight days, one of which was spent in The Hague, and two in Amsterdam. This statement is not made for the purpose of emphasizing the rapidity with which we have traveled. I have been too much chastened and humbled on that score to desire to call attention to it. But it will show you what a mite of a country Holland is, and what a world of thrift and industry it requires for her to be made a source of wealth to her citizens.

This Veluwe is principally sand-dunes. Nothing is raised here but tobacco and children. We are three hundred feet above the level of the sea, but the giddy elevation does not seem to affect us.

At Utrecht we relieve the financial situation by trading a twenty-dollar bill for forty-seven gulden. This enables us again to revel in a carriage. We drive along the Oude Gracht and feast our eyes on enchanting scenes along the canal. The town is one or two stories above the water, and people live under the pavements and their doors open on the canal.

The Cathedral was once one of the finest and largest churches in Holland, but the nave blew down in 1674 and was never rebuilt, con-

sequently our carriage is standing on ground that was once occupied by worshipers, while the choir and tower now stand as two distinct and widely separated buildings.

A statue of John of Nassau adorns the square thus formed. He was brother to William the Silent and his most untiring and faithful ally in Holland's war with Spain. His death was a double blow to the Prince of Orange, and came at a time when the Netherlands were harrassed by misfortunes on every hand. A less determined leader would have sought terms with the enemy, but reverses seemed to add to William's courage. It is hard for a student of Dutch history to account for the successful termination of their eighty years' war with Spain. Overwhelmed by numbers, arrayed against the veterans of countless victories, the Hollander did not really whip the Spaniard. The Spaniard wore himself to a shadow whipping the Hollander, and in the end found an opponent as undaunted and vigorous as in the beginning, while Spain was impoverished and discredited at home and abroad.

The Antiquarian Museum is closed, so we will drive along the Maliebaan, a handsome boulevard, and view the youth and beauty of Utrecht on Sunday dress parade.

Nothing else being open, we return to the Cathedral, whose exterior is defaced by the usual hideous gargoyles. Within, we find thrilling interest in studying the tomb of Bishop Guy of Hainault, who died in 1317, and we try in vain to realize an antiquity which antedates the discovery of America by almost two centuries.

Just to show what mistaken zeal can do when it tampers with the beautiful, the Cathedral has eighteen needle-like Gothic columns as slender and graceful as reeds. What do these vandals do but put a wooden pen in the center and seat it with pine pews, completely obliterating half of the design and all of the effect.

The Paushuizen, or "pope's house," is worth a visit. Pope Adrian VI. built it in 1517, when he was provost of St. Salvator. On its gable is an ancient figure of the Savior.

Utrecht has a one-horse tram system that permeates the entire city. Its cars seat eight

ENTRANCE TO THE CLOISTERS—UTRECHT

persons. Think of that in a city of over 100,000 inhabitants. The cars are never crowded, and it is a pleasure to ride in them through the clean old burg.

Another hour on the train and we are in Arnhem, the capital of Guelderland. En route we pass through the Moravian village of Zeist, the Quaker settlement of Holland. Everything tells of order and cultivation. The women wear costumes to indicate whether they are maidens, wives or widows.

At Maarsbergen the railroad passes the "Pyramid of Austerlitz," a mound raised in 1805 in honor of Napoleon's coronation. If you fail to see it, do not blame us; blame Baedeker. We did not see it either. On our right is that portion of Holland known as the Betuwe, the antipode of the Veluwe in productiveness.

At Arnhem we tried to get into the Continental Hotel, near the depot, but it was impossible. We mean that the hotel was. It was cheaper and woodener and more combustible in appearance than a World's Fair hostelry. After inspecting its interior we managed to

gain the threshold and signaled to a porter from the du Soleil, who rescued us and took us to the loveliest of rooms, which we will describe to you later.

Having dined at Utrecht, we made a hasty toilet and started on a pedestrian tour of exploration. We walked several blocks along a shaded avenue bounded on one side by the Rhine, which is crossed at this point by a bridge of boats. A tall wooded bluff is to our right, and we finally reached a point from which a zig-zag path leads to the top. We followed the path to the grounds of the Buiten-Societett. There we bought tickets for ten cents each and sat at a table while a military band from Deventer played excellent music.

We concluded to return to our hotel by a different route and lost our bearings. Two or three people gave us explicit directions which did not work out in practice, and we were about to summon a cab when a young fellow and his sweetheart laughingly took us in tow and led us right up to the door before leaving us.

And now for an idea of this room and its furnishings. The room at Zwolle seems taw-

dry in comparison. There are four small oil paintings on the wall, and one eight-by-ten-foot canvas, four cabinets and a mantel with a ten-foot cheval glass; the mantel and cabinets are filled with Dresden and Delft china and ivory carvings; a handsome four-panel Japanese screen; a shepherd-boy statuette eighteen inches high on an ebony pedestal; a large blue pottery vase with a portrait of Rembrandt fired in; eight chairs, five hassocks, a settee in brocade and framed-in mirrors, a brass clock and candelabra, a six-foot standing-lamp with two brackets; wardrobe, dresser and all the usual essential furniture of a bedroom topped off and finished with a double bed from which we hesitate to lift the cream and gold confection in lace and satin, for fear it will all fade away like one of Nemo's dreams.

Adjoining and connected by French windows is an alcove filled with potted palms, just for good measure.

We arose early Monday morning, refreshed after our day of rest, and ready to go to work again. In our stroll last night we noticed several pretty wicker summer houses. entirely

open on one side, with chairs, a table and lamp, and Japanese pictures on the walls. They look very cozy with the family grouped around the light—father smoking, mother knitting or sewing, and the children reading and playing. They afford a glimpse of fairyland, and with their bright coloring seem too fanciful for this work-a-day world.

We eat breakfast in the garden, and, our time being limited, we take our baggage with us and show it the town. Many brawny-looking youths in rowing costumes are canoeing on the Rhine.

It suggests a sameness to keep repeating that the Groote Markt and Church are "interesting," when, as a matter of fact, each one is unique and elicits fresh admiration. In the same way, the general architecture of Stadhuises is the same, and could not possibly be confused with any other form of buildings, and yet each one has distinguishing characteristics that strike you with the charm of novelty.

For example, the decorations of the Arnhem stadhuis are largely Satanic, and this has given it the name of Duivelshuis among the people.

As usual, we have to resort to strategy to keep the small boys and girls from in front of the camera. One successful ruse is to focus carefully at right angles to the desired object, until the juvenile population is massed in front of you, and then whirl and snap before they can re-form their lines.

## XVI

### *Farewell to Holland*

IT takes twenty-two minutes to get from Arnhem to Nymwegen, another old Roman town, later a member of the Hanseatic League. We drive along the Stationsweg to a beautiful square, the Keizer-Karels-Plein, and through it to the crowded fruit and vegetable market, past the Stadhuis with its façade filled with statues of German kings. Our destination is the Valkhof, in whose grounds are the ruins of a palace built during the reign of Carlovingian emperors. There is not much of the old palace remaining, and still less of the chapel, which was consecrated in 799.

We ascend the Belvedere, from whose top you get glimpses of four river valleys—the Waal, Rhine, Maas and Yssel. We can see Arnhem and Cleve. This is the home of legend.

IN KRONENBURK PARK—NYMWEGEN

The Knight of the Swan is claimed by both Cleve and Nymwegen.

In what Baedeker calls "the center of the picturesque huddle of the old town" is the Groote Kerk. The first object that greets us in the entry is a box containing a harp. The lid of the box bears the name of a well-known Chicago firm, and we are rather glad to see that something sweeter than canned meats is exported from our native land. While we are looking at it, we are greeted by the sound of chimes from the tower playing "The Last Rose of Summer." We have not visited a Holland town which did not have a set of chimes in some old tower or belfry.

We were shown through the church by the charming wife of the Sacristan, whose little two-year-old took my hand confidingly and led me along behind her mother and B. There are many bas-reliefs from the original church (1272) built into the structure, which was not completed until the fifteenth century. The paintings, as usual, have been whitewashed, destroying the general effect, but doubtless improving some of the pictures. There is a very beautiful monument in the church in

memory of Catherine of Bourbon, who died in 1469.

Our conductress showed us one small room, which she called the "kinder dope," and made us understand after much elaborate pantomime that it was the baptismal room. Either we misunderstood her, or else the name is very irreverent.

Kronenburg Park furnishes a beautiful drive. It contains a picturesque rockery and waterfall and one of the sixteen towers which once strengthened the town walls. We had to drive a block out of our way to keep from crossing a fifteen-foot strip of grass. We are becoming so obedient to the law that we will be the laughing-stock of our friends at home.

It takes two hours and twenty-eight minutes to get to Maastricht, which is the capital of the Dutch portion of Limburg—the part that has the holes in it.

This is a wheat-growing district. The wheat is in shocks, eight bundles to a shock, each tied by hand, and placed in pyramids with wide bases, permitting free circulation of air. Our compact method of placing the bundles would never do in this rainy country. Of course it

is not so easily shocked as at home, but apparently nothing in Holland is. Two men are cutting wheat in a field, while a woman is binding up the sheaves.

We did not stay long in Maastricht. We could not. No one in town would cash our express-orders. Our driver nearly kept us over another train by almost forcing us to drive through a park, but we detected his scheme in the nick of time, and caught the train for Aix-la-Chapelle. This is our first hot day. We pass more wheat fields and clover patches, and the tracks are bordered with a riot of wild flowers, waving poppies for red flags.

When we reach Aix-la-Chapelle it turns out to be Aachen, and we find ourselves on German soil. We crossed the frontier at Zemplerend, went through the empty formality of a customs examination in a stuffy baggage-room, carried our suit-cases the length of a long depot, set our watches ahead an hour, and settled ourselves for a good night's rest.

As Aachen is not on our itinerary, and is in neither of the countries which we started out to visit, we will not attempt to do or see any-

thing for a few hours, except a German vaudeville.

Desiring a hotel near the station, we selected the Hotel du Nord as having the most gilt on its sign, but we did not stay long. The *concierge* showed us to a bathroom with a bed in it, or a bedroom with a bathtub in it—we are not sure which. At any rate, we were afraid that coming into that candle-dimmed apartment after the vaudeville we might confuse the bed and the tub. The tub was whiter than the bed, but not so hard.

So our patient porter carries our effects to the Berliner, and we take up our abode in the least desirable quarters we have seen since landing, except those we just left at the du Nord. We will not photograph this interior, nor describe it. The double bed is against three of the four walls, and we climb in over the foot of it. There is a single electric bulb above our heads, but the room looks clean, and we are tired, and so we keep it.

After dinner we go to Bernart's Theatre (no relation to Sara), where the *concierge* assures us "It is for to laugh." We had an excellent dinner for thirty-six cents each. We could have

A STREET SCENE IN NYMWEGEN

had the ordinary table d'hôte for twenty-four cents, but felt like celebrating our arrival on German soil.

The evening entertainment did not entertain us. There was a one-act German comedy followed by four very bad specialties, culminating in a German cakewalk. Those who remained were given another comedy, but we thought that we could sleep more comfortably at the hotel.

We were mistaken. The café of our hotel was occupied by a noisy crowd that did not disperse until long after we had retired.

Then, just as I was slipping into dreamland, a heavily shod man and woman could be heard approaching from the end of the street. They came nearer and nearer, with fearful distinctness on those narrow brick pavements. They stopped at our door and rang the bell until they woke everyone in the house, finishing with the porter, and, after some colloquy, were admitted.

A half hour later three men came down the block and pulled our bell handle, which by this time must have been hanging out a foot. One was taken and the others left. And so it

went all night, while through my brain chased memories of the footsteps in "The Tale of Two Cities," and my sleep was full of tumbrils and guillotines.

In the morning we found a bank and cashed an express-order. The banking hours on the Continent are from nine to twelve in the morning and from three to five in the afternoon. We almost lost our luggage when we embarked for Liège. The porter took one path and we another to the platform. Minutes passed and he did not appear. I did not know his number nor his intentions. Finally, when it only lacked a few minutes of train time, I rushed back to the baggage-room, saw our suit-cases on the counter, grabbed them and ran for the exit, in spite of the remonstrances of the baggage-man and porters.

## XVII

### *Liège*

IT is only twenty-two minutes ride to Liège, but we travel in a sleeping-car. It is our first continental sleeper, and we may have no business in it; but I have gulden in one trousers-pocket, francs in the other, dollar bills and express-orders in my innermost vest-pocket, and marks all over me, and am feeling reckless. I am an international bank of exchange.

A guard struck me for extra fare for the sleeper. I adopted our usual practice of giving him my largest piece and waiting for the change.

The first thing that caught our eye in our compartment was a seventy-two-page pamphlet issued by the Belgian government—"The Truth About the Congo," in English, French and German.

In 1876, Leopold called a geographical con-

Holland is so small that we had to go into Germany to turn around without knocking over a windmill.

They build rivers differently in the low countries from the method pursued at home. The Mississippi, for example, is fed by countless streams, and widens and becomes larger as it approaches the Gulf. The Meuse and the Rhine, when they reach the shifting soil of the Netherlands, split into numerous branches as they near the coast and empty into the North Sea by countless mouths.

Liège (two syllables, please) is the capital of the Walloon district, is a university town, and has one hundred and sixty four thousand people. Its university is about a hundred years old and is the headquarters of the Roman Catholic party. Its chief industries are coal mining and the manufacture of arms. Its people are insubordinate to authority and stiffer-necked than the Ghenters. Between here and Namur is a chain of twelve forts by which this portion of the Meuse Valley is guarded against German invasion. They cost twenty million dollars, but they are insufficiently manned and officered. Many of the

STATUE COMMEMORATING THE REVOLUTION OF 1830—LIEGE

officers sleep in the towns, leaving the forts at dinner-time. Some time some one will be rude enough to attack them after office hours, and the next day there will be a sign out, "This place has changed hands."

Seraing is to Liège what the stock-yards are to Chicago—the source of its wealth and a great show place for visitors, but not attractive. John Cockerill, an Englishman, founded this suburb in 1816.

In 1468, Charles the Bold, having failed to convert the town to his religious ideas, converted it to ashes, leaving only the monasteries and churches untouched. In 1482, Charles' bishop, Louis of Bourbon, was murdered by de la Marck, "the wild boar of the Ardennes," who wished to obtain the mitre for one of his own litter.

I had to set my poor abused watch back an hour when we entered Belgium. We were treated so gently by the customs officers that we did not know when we passed. So B. was perfectly excusable when she threw open the suit-cases for the train guard's inspection.

In a carriage at Liège, the first thing that attracted our attention was a statue commemo-

rating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the revolution of 1830, by which Holland got rid of Belgium. This is a legacy of the Exposition of 1905, which celebrated the same event. No student of political or religious history is surprised at the separation of two countries so dissimilar in temperament, politics and religion. They make excellent neighbors when not tied together. Farther along the Avenue Rogier is a handsome terrace with four bronze groups. On the north of the Parc d'Avroy is an equestrian statue of Charlemagne, who conferred upon Liège its first privileges.

B. alighted to take some pictures. I could not stand it any longer. I had been making signs and struggling along without a single verb for ten days in Holland, but here I was at home. I can talk French. I said, "*Il fait très chaud*" to the driver. Fatal mistake! He launched into voluble French, doubtless explaining that this was the hottest summer Liège has had for years, or words to that effect; and I could only look affable and murmur, "*Oui*" and "*Sans doute.*" The next time I strike a Belgian who is keeping still, I will not unplug him.

Part of the Church of St. Jacques dates from 1163, and the older part is easily distinguished from the newer, which was built in 1513. It has beautiful windows, in many of which the faces of donors mingle with the others around the biblical groups. The elaborate stone carving of the choir has been cheapened and spoiled by being painted in bright colors, until it looks like some of the stick candy recently legislated out of existence by the pure-food law.

In St. Paul's, mass was being celebrated and the floors scrubbed at the same time—a strange mixture of cleanliness and godliness. Those kneeling in front of the altar are watching us from the corners of their eyes and making the sign of the cross whenever the bell rings. They are confident that the matter needs no attention on their part, so nobody works but his reverence.

We look up at the most beautiful vaulted roof imaginable, and, as Belgium has always been Catholic, no part of the church has been marred by the iconoclasts.

We were conducted into the treasury, where we saw the vaults containing massive articles

of gold and silver and the tibia of St. Lambert and sections of other saints.

The court of the Palais de Justice is its most beautiful part. The palace is the King's residence when he visits Liège. The interior looks pretty cheap after our hotel room at Arnhem. It has a dining-room in which, to quote a German friend, the King can "eat eighty people."

The Montagne de Bueren is a street of six hundred ascending steps, up and down which people are passing. We drive to the Church of St. Barthelemy, a twelfth-century basilica, gray with age, and containing an interesting font borne on the backs of ten oxen, and with handsome relief carving. There are chimes in the two towers.

Near it the magnificent Pont des Arches spans the river with five arches adorned with statuary.

We spend an hour in the Musée des Beaux Arts and find many attractive paintings and sculptures. Then, having seen about all of Liège but the university, we drive about aimlessly until half-past four.

After returning to our hotel we fool around

STREET OF SIX HUNDRED STEPS—LIEGE

an "Automatic Café" for a while, dropping ten-centime pieces into various slots and obtaining sundry articles of food and drink. If you desire, you may have the choice of several varieties of meats and sandwiches, not to mention different and indifferent wines, beer and schnapps.

We dropped a coin into a porcelain hen, just above the wish-bone, and were rewarded by several clucks, an eggful of chocolate sweets, and a fair imitation of a rooster's crow.

In the evenings we visit a Café Chantant, much frequented by students and grisettes. Our waiter is a colored man, a native of Canada, who speaks five languages. His English is like that of a Londoner, and has not a hint of darkey dialect. He is saving his money to return to the United States and be a Pullman porter. Heaven is probably full of darkeys who would return to earth cheerfully if they could don the beloved uniform.

We sat in the balcony which runs around the four sides of the room. Those opposite us are right over the stage and cannot see it at all, but by a combination of mirrors they can see the performance by reflection.

The program stated that the orchestra is playing "Toujours ou Jamais," by Waldteufel, but the air is unmistakably "Biddy McGee."

We only survived one vocal number, and went out into the falling rain and, finding a cab, shouted until the driver left the neighboring shelter and took us to the hotel.

## XVIII

### *The Meuse Valley*

FROM Liège we went to Huy. It looked for a while as though we would not succeed in our efforts to buy a railroad ticket. We called it "High" and "Hoo" and "Hooey," and were about to give it up and go to some other town, when it occurred to us to write "Huy" on a piece of paper and shove it at the ticket agent. "Oh! Oui, Hwee," he said, and sold us the tickets. We are in a through Paris train, so clean and cool and French, with its dove-colored upholstery. Our road passes through the Borinage, the mining section of Belgium, where life is cheap, vice rampant, and labor underpaid. Women and children work in the mines, and women clean the streets. The miners work fourteen or fifteen hours a day and get little pleasure from their beautiful surroundings. The guide-book says that the scenery hereabouts is "pretty and

rocky"; and to the miner life must seem the same, with the "and" silent.

At Huy we found a carriage at the station and drove across the bridge that spans the Meuse (or Maas) River. In front of us rises a high green hill crowned by a formidable looking citadel, parts of which are formed by the solid rock as it lies in the quarry, so that fortress and hill are welded together in one inseparable mass.

The Collegiate Church on our right is a perfect Gothic gem which was begun in 1311 and restored in 1611 after a disastrous fire. In its setting of hills and trees it forms a picture never to be forgotten. Within the church, we admire the beautiful windows and study the votive offerings hung around the altar. In the entrance is a queer life-size wooden statue of St. Joseph breaking his neck to look at the child on his shoulder, while the child is holding up two fingers and staring straight ahead with such a peculiar expression that it makes us smile. It is probably very old and therefore entitled to admiration, but anatomically it is a remarkable production.

It is market day in Huy and our way is

constantly obstructed by cattle, sheep and hogs. We drive up to the market place, where we squeeze in among the quadrupeds and their owners, the latter in smock frocks and carrying long whips. As each beast is inspected a bargain is concluded, apparently without resort to scales, and the animal is marched off by his purchaser. Pigs are marked with red paint when their ownership changes.

We drive down a steep hill, past a residence which has lace curtains painted on the window panes, through the dusty little park at whose head stands a Lincoln-like statue of Joseph Le Beau, a statesman of the former century.

Peter the Hermit died at Huy in 1115 and was buried there. Peter tried several pursuits and failed in all of them before he concluded to be a hermit. His preaching was instrumental in forming the first Crusade. He was a much better preacher than warrior, and could move others to deeds of heroism in which he took little part.

Between Huy and Namur we have three-quarters of an hour of rugged scenery, with rocks sculptured by the forces of nature into castles and fortresses. Namur is the capital of

the province of Namur. It is not a large city, but it is superbly situated at the junction of the Meuse and the Sambre.

In the Cathedral lies the heart of Don John of Austria, who died in camp near here. It is covered by a tombstone erected by Alexander Farnese. Don John came to the Netherlands flushed with his victory over the Turks at Lepanto, to lead in a disheartening and foredoomed war against right and truth. He was even denied the glory of dying in battle, and many hint that he was poisoned by order of his own half brother, Phillip II. There is no question as to Phillip's jealousy of his handsome and dashing relative, and he was probably selected to take command of the Spanish army in the Netherlands in order to dim the luster achieved at Lepanto.

The cathedral contains a magnificent altar of carved wood representing the Virgin protecting the city. As Namur has been battered to the ground on several occasions, one might question the efficacy of the protection afforded.

A bridge with a graceful arch spans the Sambre and at its keystone it narrows to such slender proportions as to make it look unequal

PEDESTRIAN BRIDGE ACROSS THE SAMBRE

to the traffic it bears. It is a foot bridge approached by steps, and is not used by vehicles.

Namur looks like a small, a very small Paris. It has five-story buildings and its ladies dress in the latest mode.

Less than an hour's ride brings us to Dinant. When we reached the depot at Namur we had half an hour to wait for a train, so we foolishly went into the dining room before buying our railroad tickets. When we had finished our lunch and had ten minutes to spare we returned to the ticket window only to find the room occupied by a howling mob of several hundred.

We managed to buy tickets and get our luggage in time, but the ticket seller's gruff "Allez" was superfluous. We had to "Allez" to make connections.

Our train passes miles of seamy, dry rocks without a sign of the pretty waterfalls which gladden the eye of the traveler in Switzerland. The caverns hereabouts are the traditional headquarters of gnomes. Nothing but legends flourish in these hills, but they do grow some pretty tall stories. This part of Belgium is as rich in tales of chivalry and deviltry as any

part of the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence. The stories are fully as thrilling and the setting much more picturesque. An occasional ruined chateau hangs to the top of a perpendicular cliff. We do not stop at Dinant, but arrange at the depot for a round trip to Rochefort and the wonderful grottoes of Han-sur-Lesse. It looks showery and we know of no form of sight-seeing better adapted to rainy weather than exploring grottoes. The character of the cliffs we are now passing gives hints of queer things to come. The rocks have stared at the hot sun until they are wrinkled into frowns, while other strata stand on end like chimneys. We have selected an accommodation train unfortunately. It has more stops than the Harlem organ. Once we chuckled in glee when the engineer passed one section house without a pause. But we were premature. He stopped a half mile beyond and went back.

## XIX

### *The Grotto of Han*

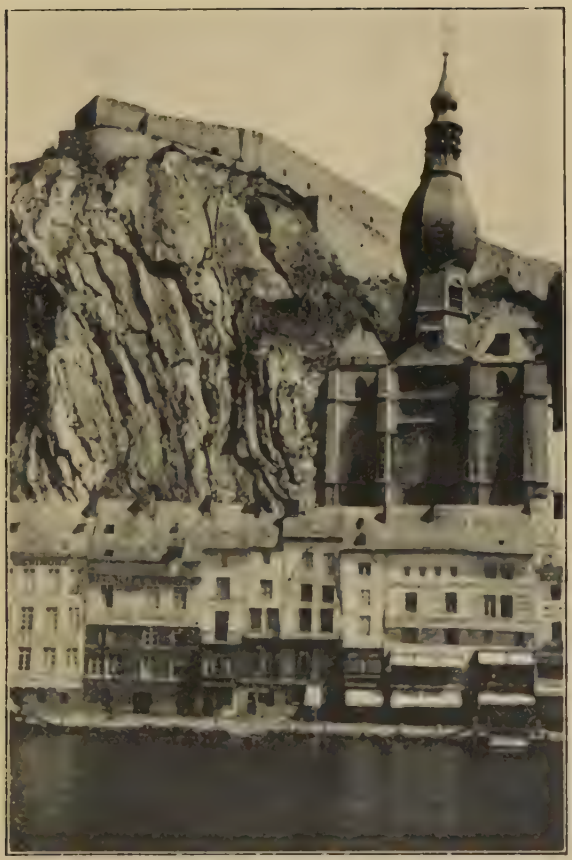
AT Rochefort we are put into a small carriage bound for the cavern. Our companion on the ride is a mature matron, an American, who tells her troubles in loud, nasal English to every Belgian she meets. She bought a ticket which entitled her to a ride all the way to the grotto via tram car, but climbed into the wrong train and has to pay extra for a carriage. She attributes this expense to foreign cupidity, whereas it is due to native stupidity. But the patience with which innumerable innocent bystanders bear with her attacks is a lesson in endurance and courtesy.

We are pretty near ready to give up our grotto after an hour and forty minutes of her grumbling society behind a sleepy horse on a dusty road. You finally reach a sort of tavern where you leave the carriage and buy your tickets—two miles from the entrance—and are

turned loose on foot to find your way without a guide. You first discover the place where the river enters the cave and loiter around it awhile. Then you explore farther and strike the real entrance. Near it are a closed lemonade stand and some wooden benches, but no sign of a guide. You sit down and wait. Finally two guides appear and you start on a journey of an hour and a half through an underground wonderland that makes you forget all the troublesome preliminaries. It is useless to attempt description. Every fanciful form that can be wrought by the action of water and the precipitation of stalactite and stalagmite is there. If only Cook & Sons would take hold of the Han Grotto and remove its unnecessary inconveniences they could double its patronage and reduce its discomforts to nil. We may not approve of "personally conducted parties," but they are better than permanently neglected ones.

In describing the cave permit me to substitute for my own inadequate vocabulary a few gems from the book sold by the guides.

"The Grotto of Han! What a wonderful



NOTRE DAME AND CITADEL AT DINANT
BRUSSELS

scenery, what enrapturing enchantments are called up by this name alone!"

"The electric light which has recently been placed in some halls projects glares of entrancing beauty in those gloomy caverns."

"The water (of the Lesse River), which disappears in flokky (!) bubblings, does not issue from the mountain until it has reached the Hole of Han, after a mysterious passage of eight to twenty hours, though the distance be only 1138 metres."

"Oftentimes the experience of it was made by throwing coloring matter into the water."

"Half a score of comely girls surround us; each of them holds a lamp-post with two lamps in her hand."

"In the Gallery of the Precipice there are two rich obelisks, the tops of which disappear in the anfractuosities of the vault." That's right; we saw them do it.

"Some tunes played by the droplets enhance the pleasantness of your walk."

A few names of these halls and formations will suggest their weird beauty to the reader: The Mysteries, the Mosque, the Trophy, the Tiara, the Alhambra, the Sieve of the Danaides

and, grandest of all, the Hall of Dome. This is the last word in cave sculpture. In it stands a pyramid 168 feet high, a mountain within a mountain. In this one room half a million cubic meters of rock have dissolved from the core of the mountain. It is 170 yards long, 150 wide, and 220 yards high. Three fifteen-story "sky scrapers" could be piled one above the other in this monster cavern and not even scrape the under surface of the hill top above you.

One guide descends to the bank of the submarine river which cuts a channel through this portion of the grotto, and another clambers to the top, leaving us about one-fourth of the way up. At a signal each one kindles a bengal light and we get a good idea of the immensity of the Salle du Dome.

After an hour and a half of walking, we leave the cave by means of a row boat on the waters of the Lesse. When you are seated in the boat a cannon is fired—but why need I struggle with its description. Hearken to the guide book!

"The cannon shot was scarcely announced when a tremendous rumbling shakes the whole grotto, reverberates from hall to hall, and,

growing fainter and fainter, dwindles away far off with a thousand sonorous vibrations."

After which we land safely on the banks of the river and are left to guess our way to the village of Han, where we manage to evade our American friend and clamber into a bus which takes us back to Rochefort.

## XX

### *Dinant and a Glimpse of France*

AFTER an excellent dinner at Rochefort, seasoned by our afternoon's work we return to Dinant, pick up our baggage in the check room and try to find a hotel. The Tete d'Or, starred by Baedeker, had a runner at the station, but no bus. Some of our fellow passengers allowed him to put their belongings on a push cart and trudged away behind him. The Hotel des Ardennes had a bus there, and as it was past ten o'clock we climbed in and drove for several minutes, only to find the hotel full. Query: Why do European hotels so frequently haul you for blocks when they have not a vacant room in the house, and did not have when the bus went to the station?

They kindly drove us to the Hotel des Postes where we have an excellent room on the entresol, looking out over the Meuse and at the citadel on its opposite bank. Framed by the

steep rock which supports the old fortress is the Church of Notre Dame. Back of it are four hundred and eight steps leading up the rock to the citadel. As usual we are greeted each quarter of an hour by melodious chimes from the belfry.

There is a beautiful drive along the Meuse through a doorway in the solid cliff. One side of this is the Rock of Bayard. Bayard was a horse belonging to the four sons of Aymon. He was possessed of magical attributes, and among his lesser achievements was that of jumping over the Meuse Valley from this rock, leaving a hoof mark as evidence of his feat. Some people might doubt this story but for the hoof mark, but we did not because we once saw the place in Wisconsin, near Kilbourn City, where Black Hawk's horse leapt across the Wisconsin River. It was not so wide as the Meuse, but it was not a bad jump for a broncho. Besides, the Black Hawk story is a thousand years younger than the other one, and will undoubtedly grow as time passes on.

Charlemagne finally captured Bayard and weighted him with stones and threw him into the water. But he shook himself free from his

encumbrances, swam ashore and, with a defiant neigh, disappeared into the Arden forest, which he roams to this day.

One of the Aymon boys, Renault, kept up his outlaw career as long as he could, and when he could no longer plunder by force, became a monk and was canonized.

Dinant is noted for its chased copper ware and its ginger bread. This latter named article adorns countless shop windows and much skill is shown in the formation of fanciful designs.

From Dinant we go to Givet. We are again surprised by the customs officials at Heer-Agimont and find that we are unintentionally in France. From Givet it is only forty-eight minutes to Sedan, the big battle field of the Franco-Prussian war, so disastrous to French arms. As Waterloo, the scene of another French defeat, is on our itinerary, we conclude not to visit Sedan.

We do not stay in Givet long, but after luncheon proceed to Charleroi. This train takes two hours to go thirty-one miles, and should transfer its cow catcher to the rear car. We believe that we change cars at Chatelineau, but we are not certain and we do not care.

THE ROCK OF BAYARD—DINANT

These countries are so small that we could start all over again if we lost ourselves and then make the circuit.

We soon go back to Belgium and through another custom house. Leopold will have to buy some more chalk when his customs officials get through marking up our baggage. You need a balance pole to keep from stepping over the wavy line which divides these two by four countries.

On this train is posted the following notice: "It is formally and under penalty of a fine prohibited to deposit in the nets of the carriages any parcel the accidental fall of which might expose the passengers to be injured."

## XXI

### *Charleroi and Mons*

WE reach Charleroi safely, having changed cars successfully. As we have also refused a piece of bad money we feel that we are very knowing travelers.

B. thinks she has a joke on me. She was studying the time card and asked me the name of the station at which we were stopping. I read the name on the end of a building near the tracks and told her "Marchandises." The name is common to all the freight houses in the country, so she thinks that she has the laugh on me.

Although we are still in the Borinage, the home of the over-worked and under-paid coal miner, we notice that the bumpers at the end of the tracks within the stations are covered with flowering vines or made up into flower beds.

We did not see much of Charleroi. We

drove about for awhile, but it is a manufacturing town with a glorious past and a sooty present. The day is hot and we are anxious to get nearer to the sea. Holland is a much better summer resort than this portion of Belgium.

This section of the country witnessed the preliminaries of the Battle of Waterloo. Charleroi's capture was Napoleon's first step in the campaign, and it was successfully achieved. But it only stayed for a moment his progress from Elba to St. Helena.

Mons is the capital of Hainault. Its Flemish name is Berghen. No chance for confusion there!

Cæsar laid it out and it has been laid out several times since, but never completely buried. For a couple of centuries, whenever a general was not busy he would say, "Let's go and take Mons." It has been left alone for over a hundred years now, and has become a prosperous town. It is the heart of the Borinage, or rather the center thereof. The Borinage has no heart. Three-fourths of Belgium's 125,000 miners live in the Province of Hainault. This accounts

for the fact that ninety per cent of the passenger cars in this neighborhood are third class.

The Church of St. Waltrudis has gargoyles that make those on Notre Dame in Paris look like a Congress of Beauty. People in Mons go to church because once inside they cannot see the gargoyles, and they can see a most magnificent interior. It is three hundred and fifty-five feet long and has sixty columns and ninety windows. There are some very handsome chapels in the transepts. The carriage in which the reliquary is carried is the most glittering wheeled vehicle imaginable. Our guide through this old church brings to mind Oliver Wendell Holmes and one of his inimitable metaphors:

"Abbey churches are like old cheeses. They have a tough grey rind and a rich interior which find food and lodging for numerous tenants who live and die under their shelter; lowly servitors, some of them, holy ministers of religion many, I doubt not, larvæ of angels, who will get their wings by and by."

We climb to the top of the Beffroi, two hundred and seventy-five feet high, from which we get a fine view of the smoking foundries

HOUSE BOAT ON THE SAMBRE

of Mons. It reminds one of Chicago on a clear day.

The Hotel de Ville was started in 1458, but it is not completed. That is a little worse than the public building record in the United States. Its façade has ten statues and its baroque tower has a curious combination clock and sun dial. The small cast iron ape projecting from the wall to the left of the main entrance has no meaning, but is considered a feature by the citizens and shown to strangers. The lock of the court yard gate is in the form of a four-turreted castle, that being the municipal coat of arms.

Every time our driver quits touching him up and turns around to tell us something, his horse stops. He is like the old colored man who sat weaving back and forth in the shade of his cabin. A white passer-by said: "What's the matter, uncle? Don't you feel well?"

"Yes, boss, I feels fust rate, but I done been to Atlanta, and I bought one of them dollah watches, and if I stops the watch stops."

We notice revenue stamps on the "For rent" signs placed in vacant buildings. Very few articles or activities escape taxation in Belgium.

We drove through a long shady boulevard and then asked the driver to show us the poorer neighborhoods, but he intimated that they were too shady.

There is an equestrian statue of Baldwin IX. at the head of the boulevard. He headed the fourth crusade, but was diverted from his original purpose and used his army for restoring Constantinople to the Christians. Assisted by the venerable Dandolo, a successful three months' siege was carried on. At its conclusion, the jealousy of the Venetians prevented the election of Dandolo as emperor, and his youthful contemporary Baldwin IX. of Flanders became Baldwin I., emperor of Constantinople. The news of the capture of Constantinople was conveyed to Venice by carrier pigeons, and the descendants of these pigeons are protected by law, and levy tribute on all visitors to Venice.

The wooden klompen in this district is made with a leather strap, and sometimes the entire upper is of leather with a wooden sole. Shrines are plentiful and have been so ever since we left Holland. Practically all of the people of Belgium are Roman Catholics, while two-

thirds of the Hollanders are Protestants. It is hard to conceive that two such tiny kingdoms crowded so closely together should be such polar opposites in everything—climate, topography, temperament and religion. As stated before, the only surprising thing about the revolution of 1830 was that it did not come sooner.

## XXII

*Brussels*

WE start for Brussels about midday. Our compartment is shared by three ladies in deep mourning, apparently returning from a funeral. Their parasols are adorned with crepe. The young woman of the party is not too bowed down with grief over the dead to forget the admiration of the living, for her deep black gown is very transparent in sleeves and yoke. You can see right through that sort of mourning.

You may be interested in having a real example of official politeness. The guard or conductor enters your compartment, removes his cap, and says, "Bon jour, madame; bon jour, m'sieu; les billets, s'il vous plaît."

I hand him the tickets.

"Merci, bien."

He punches them and as he hands them back, murmurs:

"S'il vous plaît."

It is my turn, so I say, "Merci, bien."

"Désirez-vous un commissionaire à Bruxelles?"

"S'il vous plaît."

And at Brussels he has a "commissionaire" waiting for our luggage when the train stops.

The ride to Brussels was clean, cool and smooth, through a farming region like the best portions of rural France.

At the Hotel de l'Europe we have a suite of two rooms at a cost of twelve francs per day. Those are metropolitan prices and our rooms are the best in the house. This hotel is on the square—the public square. Our windows open on the square and are only four feet high. You have to lie down on the floor to look out—on the square. I am lying now as I write.

In the center of the square, the Place Royale, stands an equestrian figure of Godfrey of Bouillon. On that spot he formed his first little army of crusaders with the cry, "God wills it." To a few good men it seemed intolerable that Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre should remain in the hands of the Mohammedans. To these was added a large number of the scum

of the earth, who were lured by promises of carte blanche absolution for their sins. After a series of ebbing and flowing fortunes they captured Jerusalem amid scenes of atrocity and slaughter. Having recovered His grave they buried therein all that their Lord had ever taught of love, peace and good will. Godfrey was the first king of Jerusalem elected, and during his reign, there was much fighting with the Mussulman forces.

From Godfrey's statue it is only a few minutes' walk down the Rue de la Regence to the Royal Museum, with its splendid gallery of old pictures and new. The Hall of Sculptures is on the first floor. "Innocence" is a masterpiece, but she is carved from heavily veined marble that gives her the appearance of having had some severe bumps. If she has been in Brussels long, she probably has had a few.

Two striking bronzes attracted our attention. They were figures of a negro slave. In the first he was being bastinadoed and in the second, called "Vengeance," he was crawling on the ground, knife in hand and with his face drawn by the passion of hate and revenge. It was cruelly well done.

Of the paintings, we really enjoyed Rubens' "Adoration of the Magi." It seemed consistent throughout, and that is not an ever-present virtue in Netherland paintings. For example, in his "Way to Golgotha," in the same gallery, Veronica is dressed in a costume of Rubens' day and country, and in a picture near by, the group around the "Madonna and Child" are all sixteenth century burgomasters.

Rubens' "Martyrdom of St. Livinius" is a masterpiece of repulsiveness. Many of the triptychs or winged pictures are amusing because they frequently include the patron among those present in the Bethlehem stable or at the cross, while they did not hesitate to add to those watching at the tomb his whole family, if he so desired it.

Please notice No. 243. It represents a group of burgomasters kneeling to the Virgin, but with faces turned squarely to the artist.

This is a grand collection and is second in Belgium to only one, the Antwerp gallery. It has much of beauty that will be pointed out to you by better judges than I, and many paintings which you will be expected to rave over and which you can worship safely without

violating the second commandment, for they do not resemble anything that is in heaven above or in the earth beneath or in the water under the earth.

The big picture galleries should be broken up into smaller ones. Their highest purpose is to instil a love of the beautiful in the minds of the people, but unless that love is already there the size of some collections wearies one and the impression made by the really beautiful paintings is completely lost in the succeeding maze. One or two small galleries, like the insignificant one at Mons, have given us more pleasure than the acres of canvases by Dutch and Belgian masters exhibited in the larger cities. The eight or ten really fine painters of the seventeenth century must have been ambi-dexterous. Single handed they could never have ground out the large number of pictures that they are accused of painting.

The Palais de Justice crowns the slope at the end of the street. It is a very large and impressive structure. It cost nine million dollars. Its area is larger than that of St. Peter's in Rome.

We took a street car back to the Park. The

A STREET OF CAFES—BRUSSELS

band was playing and the benches were filled by people of the poorer classes. The Park is very dusty and its narrow strips of grass are carefully defended against invasion.

The palace is being enlarged and is inaccessible. Some buildings are being torn down to make room for additions. One building is completely encased in scaffolding to the roof, with floors at every story, so that not a speck of debris falls outside of the structure.

We then shopped along the Montagne de la Cour, where the nic-nacs are a joy and the gloves a disappointment in form, quality and price.

We are assured that Leopold walks the streets like any other citizen of Brussels, but so far we have not seen him. Once a trumpet blast caused us to rush to the window, but it heralded the return of a Waterloo coaching party.

The hotel room numbers are painted on frosted glass and set in spaces cut out of the door panel, so that they are readily distinguishable. Notwithstanding this precaution it is quite easy to lose yourself if your room is on the entresol. There is a wide stairway leading

up from the office. At the landing it divides. If you turn to the right your stairs stop at the entresol. If you turn to the left that floor is omitted altogether and you land in the one above. It is quite bewildering to know that your room is immediately above the office and not to be conscious of having passed a floor, and yet to find yourself amid totally unfamiliar surroundings.

There are barracks in the court back of the hotel, and a sentry paces the sidewalk under our window night and day, so we feel perfectly secure in sleeping with wide open windows.

We are both barbered in the same shop, conducted by the barber to the king. If he should let as much hair go down Leopold's back as he did mine there would be a new court barber appointed. My predecessor in the chair was a man past sixty years of age, who was being elaborately marcelled. It must have required an hour to fix him up, for the barber had first to find the hair and then curl it.

The price of a table d'hôte dinner at this hotel is five francs. If you are half an hour late it is six francs. If you do not order wine

it is seven francs. Wouldn't that drive you to drink?

At seven in the morning it is interesting to watch the town wake up. A dog peddler is out early, with a fluffy white poodle, looking for a patron among the nobility or the tourists. The mere looks of this perfumed pet excites the ire of a big working dog hitched to an adjacent milk cart, and he nearly upsets his cart in his efforts to get at the offender. The girl in charge returns in time to prevent an accident, but by this time all of the dogs in the square are barking madly.

Half of the shops display signs announcing that they cater to the King or the Court of Flanders, but they get most of their real money from the visitors.

The buses are trackless street cars. The one that goes down the Montagne de la Cour on the right of our hotel has two horses and the fare is two cents. Coming up the hill they hitch on two more horses and charge four cents a ride.

The Gare Midi or Central Station, from which the train for Waterloo departs, is surrounded by a persistent and offensive set of

guides, men and women, from whom it is very difficult to escape. They follow you about and volunteer information at every turn and want to be paid for it. They tell you which is the entrance to the station and what time the Waterloo train goes, and a lot of other facts which are plainly indicated on the signs all about.

## XXIII

### *Waterloo*

IT is half an hour's ride to Waterloo, or to Braine-l'Alleud, for the battle ground is several miles from the village of Waterloo. The village has been coupled with the most famous battle of modern history because Wellington sent the dispatches announcing his victory therefrom. It is rather a curious fact that earlier in the day couriers had been sent from the French lines to Paris, announcing a French victory.

After leaving the train we took a small carriage and had for companions two American young men and an Englishman with two ladies. Our first stop was at the foot of a mound on top of which stands the Belgian Lion. On this spot—not on top of the mound, but on the spot covered by it—the Prince of Orange was wounded. The lion was cast at Seraing by Cockerill from the metal of captured French

cannon and weighs twenty-eight tons. In building the mound the unpardonable mistake was made of destroying the "sunken road," so graphically described in *Les Miserables,* and leveling all of the field of battle thereby completely obliterating the story which it might have told to the student of strategy. Women working for eight cents a day carried the dirt in baskets to the mound.

It was charged against the French that their soldiers, returning from the Belgian revolution in 1832, cut off the tail which they had failed to twist in 1815. But our guide denies the story, and substantiates his denial by quoting his grandfather who lived here from 1807 until his death a few years ago and who never heard of the transaction.

It is a weary climb up the two hundred and twenty-six steps to the top. Looking at the monotonous plain of Waterloo from that elevation suggests no more to the unimaginative mind than would the glassy surface of the Sea of Japan dissassociated from the fact of Togo's victory.

The first thing that impresses one is the small size of the field. Only seven hundred yards

THE MOUND AT WATERLOO

separated the flanks of the French and the allies. Wellington's center was but three-quarters of a mile from Napoleon's head-quarters. The line of battle was less than three miles long. In this little spot of ground, hardly large enough for a dress parade, over three hundred thousand men tore at each others' throats for five or six hours, and when it was over counted a loss of fifty thousand dead or disabled. Men did not sight their cannon with telescopes and learn the results of each shot by wireless telegraphy in those days. The smooth bore flintlock of our fathers had an effective range of less than a hundred yards and could be fired about once a minute, while the muzzle loading field gun sent grape or canister about six hundred yards. A modern magazine rifle can deliver twenty-five shots a minute and can kill at forty-two hundred yards, while within two thousand yards it is accurate and deadly. An automatic machine will send a hail of bullets at the rate of one thousand a minute. Today Wellington would not need to leave the Brussels ball room to direct a battle on this spot.

We drove over the road built by Napoleon

in 1800, fifteen years before the battle. It is probably a good cavalry road, but is very rough for buggy riding. We passed La Haie Sainte, a farm house which the French succeeded in taking. A little farther down the road is the cabaret, La Belle Alliance, which was Napoleon's headquarters. Then we left the main road and went across country to the farm house of Hougomont, which was the white hot point of the battle all day. This little brick enclosed farm yard was a natural fortress, and it was like a pit of the Inferno during the entire battle. But it was never taken by the French. It was literally shot to pieces. Every foot of wall and buildings is pitted with the scars of bullet, grape and canister. Fifteen hundred were killed there in one hour. Three hundred bodies were thrown into the old well after the battle. Part of the family chapel was not destroyed and still stands. Within is a life-size crucifix. Fire broke out in the farm house and no one had time to put it out. It burned to the wall holding the crucifix and went out of its own accord.

The family who own this farm make a large income from sight-seers. They plant little bul-

lets and souvenirs. These are sown in the fall and the winter's snows and spring rains bring them to perfection. Early in the summer they are ploughed up and sold to the credulous. We have a grape shot and an insignia from an artilleryman's cap which came from the field of Waterloo. But when they went to the field of Waterloo, deponent saith not.

The shin bone of some unidentified hero was offered at three francs over the same counter where we purchased our relics.

The French have erected a monument near La Belle Alliance on the spot where the Imperial Guard covered the personal retreat of Napoleon. It is in the form of an eagle with its wings shot full of holes, but clutching the banner of France in one talon and defying its enemies with beak and claw. It is the most impressive memorial on the field and in telling its story ranks with the Lion of Lucerne.

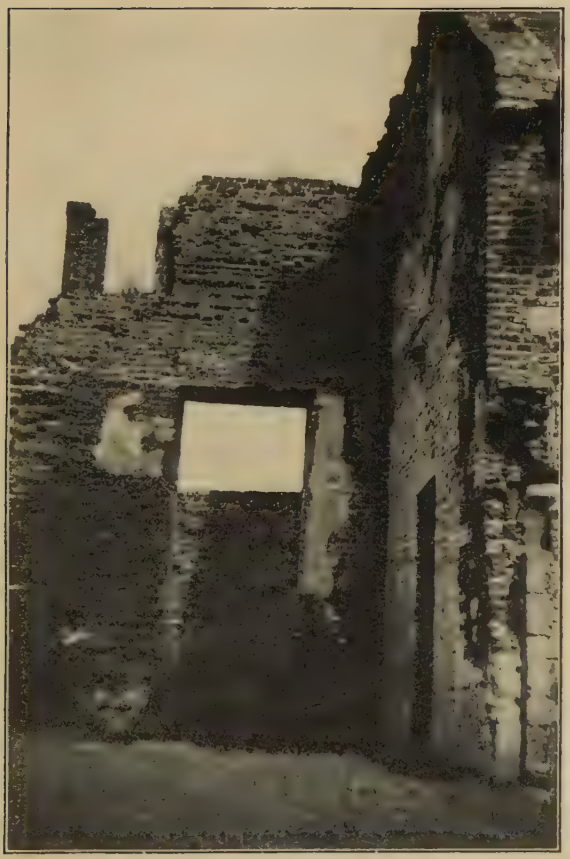
Our visit to Waterloo is made more realistic by a light rain, similar to the one which softened the ground June 18, 1815, and made rapid artillery maneuvers impossible. The battle ground is all either in pasture or under culti-

vation, and between the rows of grain, poppies flare out like drops of blood.

We return to the station by the Paris road, built by ancient Rome and extending to the capital of France, one hundred and sixty-two miles away. Napoleon brought his army over that road to Waterloo. It seems a long way to come for a thrashing.

Of course an Englishman may be pardoned for being a trifle self-assertive on this battle field, so it was not surprising to have our British traveler say, rather pompously: "The victory was the more creditable for Wellington because he had to fight with raw recruits. Most of our veterans were in your country at that time." I could not help suggesting that most of them are there yet. He took my remark in good part, and we were getting on famously when some one spoke of the quaint costume of the Dutch. One of the young men from New Jersey blurted out that he did not think the Hollanders dressed any funnier than the English. That made an Anglo-American alliance impossible for the time being, and we finished our ride in silence.

Without wishing to precipitate an argument



THE CHAPEL OF HOUGOMONT

with the regular army man, one is reminded that many battles have been won by raw recruits. However seasoned were Holland's sailors in her war with Spain, her army was made up of peasants and burghers whose trade was peace, and yet the Spanish veterans were unable to conquer them. Great Britain's trained soldiers laid down their arms before the farmer boys of the American colonies. Wellington's best fighting at Waterloo was done by men with the first smell of powder in their nostrils. In South Africa the untrained Boer collected heavy tribute from the flower of England's army before he was overwhelmed by numbers. The Russian army, the perfected tool of several centuries of autocracy, was swept away like chaff before the little men of Japan, who have only recently turned their attention to fighting. It takes more than money and time and discipline to make a victorious army. It requires faith in the cause and in the leader, and when this abounds it will carry the day against scarred and powder-burned legions.

One of the odd things in the neighborhood of Waterloo is a monument to the Marquis

of Anglesea's leg, which was amputated after the battle and buried in the garden of a peasant.

We ate lunch at a restaurant near the station where there was a notice to the effect that if the music played while you were eating, the regular price would be "augmented" a few centimes. The only war-like trait that seems to have been transmitted to the present generation of Belgians is the ability to charge.

## XXIV

### *Brussels Again*

RETURNING to Brussels, we loaf around the Grand Place, the most perfectly preserved mediæval square in Europe. This was the scene of some of Alva's murderous executions. Twenty-five nobles were beheaded here in 1568 for loyalty to the Dutch cause, and the next year Egmont and Horn met their fate in the same spot.

The Hotel de Ville occupies one side of the Place. It is a gothic structure with a delicate, needle-like tower. The Maison du Roi is on the north east side. Egmont and Horn passed their last night alive therein, and from its windows Alva witnessed their execution. Quaint guild houses surround the rest of the square. The drapers, the skippers, the archers, carpenters, printers, bakers, brewers, tailors and painters, each have their building and each one is distinct and characteristic. All have been well taken care of and are in excellent condition.

We wish to go to the Botanic Gardens. The legal cab fare is twenty cents for the trip. We approach a group of cabmen in the center of the square and ask the fare to our destination. As a unit they declare it to be thirty cents. Some demon of obstinacy makes me resolve to spend a lot of valuable time in teaching these cabbies a lesson, so we start to walk. By good luck we choose the right direction, and before we have gone half a block we are overtaken by one of the men, who gladly lets us ride at the legal rate plus the ever present *pourboire* of a few cents.

The Botanic Gardens are not large but abound in beautiful specimens of flowers and trees from all over the world. Scattered through this splendid display of nature's handiwork are magnificent bronzes. Seven statues represent young girls in various graceful attitudes, the most beautiful of them to our eyes being the Goose Girl.

We drive back to the Church of St. Gudule, an old Gothic structure begun in the thirteenth century, and well situated at the top of a hill. The stained glass windows are beautiful. It is a very large and very busy church. There

are a great many people at prayer. One altar is devoted to those who seek for healing, and numberless images of arms and legs are suspended therefrom as a reminder to the saint of the portion of the body which needs help.

The carved pulpit is supported by figures of Adam and Eve, and the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil overshadows it, just as it does so many other pulpits. On the side of Adam are gathered animals of the strong, devouring type, while the sculptor has grouped about Eve peacocks, parrots and monkeys—the mean thing!

The street names are printed at all intersections in French and Dutch. All public proclamations receive the same treatment.

As Leopold wears a full beard, many Belgians show their patriotism by growing all the whiskers that their chins will carry, just as loyal Germans turn up the ends of their mustaches in emulation of Emperor William. One wonders what would happen should a one-eyed monarch ascend the throne.

Since writing the above in jest, my eye fell on some reminiscences of the singer, Emma Nevada, in which she states that at a concert

in Copenhagen, attended by the royal family, every man in the audience had his hat on. Later she learned that the crown prince was obliged to wear his hat in order to protect an inflamed eye. So every loyal Dane did likewise, and even pulled his headgear forward a trifle over one eye.

Outside of a comic opera there never was such a variety of military uniforms as you see in Belgium. A company of infantry just passed our hotel window with a bugler and natty captain in the lead. Their uniform is a dark green, with stiff black hats and pompons of feathers.

We dine at a sidewalk café—the Joseph—on the Boulevard Anspach. It is delightful to sit and nibble and sip while the life and gaiety of the city are all about you. Our waiter has two essentials of a successful caterer: He makes an irreproachable salad and he remembers faces. On our second visit to the Joseph after an absence of twenty-four hours, we secured the same table and the same waiter, for we wanted some more of his salad dressing. He came up smiling and bowing, and, as a sort of experiment, I said, "Bring us the same dinner

that we had before." He looked at me a moment, his face brightened with recollection and he named over each course interrogatively. He did not omit a dish and served it in perfect order.

After dinner we attend the kirmess. As Brussels is a large city and always filled with strangers, the kirmess continues for six weeks each summer. One long street is devoted to booths, carrousels and side shows, and it seems two miles from one end to the other of the brilliantly colored incandescent lights. We enter a booth which looks attractive. The tickets are four, six and ten cents. The seats nearest the stage are the cheapest. The band in front is playing "The Honeysuckle and the Bee." The performance is entirely cinematograph. In fact this form of entertainment is popular all over Holland and Belgium. We go in and out of several booths and see fragments of programs or catch glimpses of fat ladies and snake charmers. There are a few trained animal shows. Some of the booths are highly ornate, with papier maché statuary outside and velvet draperies within. The most characteristic stalls are those in which are sold

a sort of Dutch fried cakes, "poppertjes," made while you wait, and served hot. The girls and women who preside over these places wear the national head-dress and costume.

We arise early on Sunday morning and go to the Grand Place. The scene is changed since our last visit. It is bird and flower market day, and we are greeted by a bedlam of screeches from birds and cries from their owners. One side is banked with flowers for sale. An enterprising proprietor of a café which occupies the old Weigh House has a card in his window stating that his second floor balcony is for rent to kodakers for a franc. It commands a good view of the square, and soon we are spreading our tripod in it and getting ready for business. It is a fitful day and the sun seems to want to tantalize us by emerging for just a few seconds and then retreating again. In spite of his playfulness we get a few pictures.

A peddler of drinks circulates among the people. He carries a double metal tank on his back and faucets project from each side on a level with his waist. One cup is used for both sides and for an unlimited number of patrons.

BIRD AND FLOWER MARKET IN GRAND PLACE—

En route to our car line we make some purchases in a dainty little copper shop where the proprietress, her little six-year-old and the kitten are all clad in the same soft shade of gray. Then we drop in on Leopold's haberdasher and purchase a white vest. Either my body or the King's is upside down, for the garment has to be altered in a manner that amounts to a complete reversal. It is done, however, without charge and delivered to the hotel room in half an hour. Judging from the very low price charged today by his furnisher and yesterday by his barber, I cannot help wondering what Leopold does with his salary.

The closing of my vest deal involved more red tape than it would take to convey a corner lot in Cook County. The salesman took me to the cashier and commenced to tell him facts and figures which were repeated by the cashier in a monotonous drone. They could not have been more solemn and sepulchral if I had been taking orders instead of giving one.

In the afternoon we visited the Wiertz Museum. Anton Joseph Wiertz was a crank. A crank has been defined as something that you cannot turn. At any rate he had ideas at vari-

ance with those held by other men and he put those ideas on canvas. He did not believe in capital punishment and he made a nightmare which he called "A Vision of a Beheaded Man." He loved peace and he painted "Napoleon in Hell," with soldiers and their widows taunting him. He preached a sermon against vanity in two pictures, one a study of a female figure before a mirror and the other the same pose and mirror, but the figure a skeleton. There are four small pictures at which you look through peep holes, and the illusion created makes them seem like flesh and blood. You step around a corner and a smiling maid holds a door ajar for you to enter, but door and maid are painted on the wall. In another corner a painted dog lies in a painted kennel with a painted bone between his paws, while one floor above him sits an old concierge smoking at a window, the shutter of which is not painted, but swings back and forth. Eccentric, bizarre, not "art," I grant you, but effective just the same.

After the death of Wiertz the state bought his residence and made it into this museum where all are admitted free.

While at dinner with table on the sidewalk, a new variety of soldier marches by. He wears cerise trousers with shiny boots half way to his knees, yellow stripes, a dark green coat and a visorless cap.

On the Rue de la Regence, not far from our hotel, is the monument to Egmont and Horn in a small park. Back of this park is Egmont's former residence, now the palace of the Duc d'Arenberg. The palace is open to the public on week days.

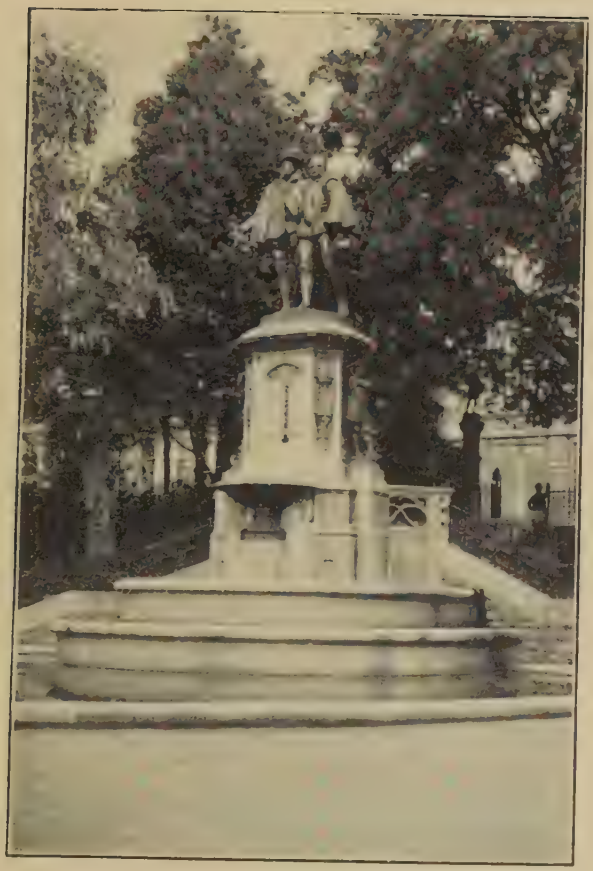
The bronze statue is surrounded by marble figures of William the Silent and his friends and lieutenants, who made the history of the Netherlands glorious in the sixteenth century. Egmont fell a victim to his own vacillating disposition and dragged sturdy, straight-forward Horn down with him. He was trying to get into the Spanish band wagon when he fell under the wheels, and he was always an uncertain quantity in William's calculations. It is exasperating to see him in bronze towering above William the Silent, who is simply one of the chorus in marble surrounding him.

We have had to put lemon squash on our Index Expurgatoris. In Belgium they put

some sort of aniline dye into it that spoils it for us. To get straight lemonade you must ask for "Citroen naturelle," and they bring you two glasses with the juice of half a lemon in each, some loaf sugar and a bottle of water. If you have time, you dissolve the sugar, pour in the water and serve.

Some of the streets in Brussels must have been guilty of dark crimes in their youth. They turn and twist as if to elude pursuit, and further add to their suspicious behavior by assuming a new alias every few blocks. For example the Rue Montagne de la Cour leaves the Place Royale with its kingly surroundings and drops a little lower, becoming the Rue de la Madeleine, then changing to the humble Rue de Marché aux Herbes. It crosses the Boulevard Anspach and emerges as the Rue de Marché aux Poulets. Farther on it becomes the Rue St. Catharine, straightens up a bit as the Rue de Flandre, and finally loses itself in the street of the Field of the Four Winds. A map of Boston looks like a checker board when placed beside a plan of Brussels.

They use the croupiest little tin horns here with which to start street cars. They might



STATUE OF EGMONT AND HORN—BRUSSELS

start a riot in America or a runaway, but never a street car. They are used as a sort of concession to Brussels' patron saint, Gabriel.

Here come some more of Leopold's soldiers. This mannerchor has on white duck trousers, green, long-tailed coats and shiny black hats.

The women of Brussels have beautiful forms and walk like queens. In fact, they are much better made than their apparel. The material is costly, but as a rule ill-fitting and unbecoming. White is naturally prevalent in such a clean city, and the majority wear cream-colored leather shoes with black hose. All of the above observations are made from our sidewalk table in a speckless atmosphere. Barring the peddlers of post cards and the inharmonious hosiery, there is nothing in the scene that you would wish to have different.

Think of buying a bouquet of three roses, red, white and pink, for two cents, and then taking your sweetheart two blocks to the Palais d'Eté, where for eighty cents each you may occupy a box and study both the audience and the actors in a fashionable vaudeville theater. The hall is very long and the parquet almost level, and you wonder how the people in the

rear see anything. The seats are marked *Loué* as fast as they are sold. A gallery runs around three sides of the building, and the whole scene is brilliant with red, white and blue electric lights. Each seat has a shelf in front of it for opera or wine glasses. The ushers are girls and the programs cost five cents each. There are twenty-four pieces in the orchestra. There are American, French, German and Chinese specialties on the stage, the last named terminating in a "slide for life" from the roof, which ended comically when the actor nearly lost his cue. It became entangled in the little wheel and halted it half way, and left him kicking and spluttering Chinese in mid air. The whole apparatus had to be lowered to the floor in order to liberate him.

After the performance we caught a late bus up our mountain and occupied the only two standing places vacant on the front platform.

## XXV

### *Tournai and Lille*

THE next day we shopped among the lace makers and jewelers until time to take the train for Tournai.

As the battle of Waterloo was not fought at Waterloo, we are not disturbed to learn that the principal industry of Tournai is the manufacture of "Brussels" carpets. Our train takes us through more of the Borinage and we murmur "Back to the mines" as we survey the uninviting towns and villages through which we pass. We notice one curious piece of vegetation. It is a pear tree which spreads over a space eight or ten feet square, but is not over six inches in thickness. It is trained against the walls of houses and at first glance resembles a vine.

At Tournai we find an intelligent driver and our first visit is to the Cathedral. It is an eleventh century church, but Tournai was six

hundred years old when its corner stone was laid. Its stained glass windows are beautiful and seem to have taken something from the centuries of sunlight sifted through them and to have blended it with the artists' colors, softening and harmonizing them. The exterior is rich with sculptures. The choir screen within is magnificent.

In the Grand Place stands a statue of the Princess d'Epinoy, Tournai's Joan of Arc. She led the defenders when the city was attacked by Alexander of Parma in 1581.

The Church of St. Quentin is a small structure but beautiful. It contains a most effective statue of the Virgin, which is so placed and lighted as to seem very life-like.

At the Cloth Hall they were having the graduating exercises of a boys' school. The little fellows went through a number of calisthenic evolutions in perfect unison to the accompaniment of piano music. We listened to two embryo Belgian statesmen recite, and their gestures and intonations denoted a natural gift of oratory unusual in ten-year-olds.

The museum is in the gallery of the same building. It contains a great many Roman

antiquities unearthed near Tournai, and a very death-like picture of Egmont and Horn receiving the homage of the guilds after their execution.

The belfry affords a magnificent view of the cathedral, the city and its surroundings.

The drive to the Hotel de Ville takes you past several interesting Gothic houses of the seventeenth century. The Hotel de Ville is a suppressed monastery. It was in the hands of the house-cleaners, hence the salon of the queen was no more impressive than any other room would be if viewed beneath step ladders and filled with soap suds and dust rags.

You next go past a number of old churches, gray with the grist of ages, to the Pont des Trous, a bridge built in 1290 across the Scheldt, and recently closed by the building commissioner. It has two massive towers at each end. Between the bridge and the station stands the old tower of Henry VIII., built in 1513, and resembling a tomb on the Appian Way.

We had time for luncheon at the depot before departing for Lille. After we were safely installed in our compartment we asked a pass-

ing guard when we were due to arrive at Lille. His reply developed the fact that he had a hair lip. We can understand good French a little and Belgian French less, but when confronted with Belgian hair-lip French we threw up our four hands and told him we would wait until we reached Lille and look at our watches.

Lille is in France, and we were hardly seated comfortably when the train stopped and a uniformed official ordered us to take our baggage into the depot for examination. This adds Eaiseau to our list of frontier towns. It was awarded to France by the Peace of Utrecht.

At Lille our hotel is built around a big court into which the bus drives. We have a good night's rest and ride around the city in the morning. Lille is the birth-place of lisle thread.

The Bourse is an attractive old shell within whose walls is played the same attractive old shell game as in other Bourses.

The Hotel de Ville was built during the nineteenth century and we pass it by in scorn.

In the Church of St. Catharine is an altar piece by Rubens, representing Catherine's martyrdom. The name of P. P. Rubens is given great prominence on the frame, while you have

CUSTOMS INSPECTION AT A FRONTIER STATION—

to refer to Baedeker to learn who is the lady that is being martyred. That is proper. There is only one Rubens while there is an army of martyrs.

The Jardin Vauban (named after the great military engineer) is a pretty park within whose shady depths a cascade ripples and sparkles as it emerges from a natural grotto. It is another of those sights which are endorsed by the cab drivers' union because you have to walk quite a distance to it from the roadway, while horse and driver rest and your bill keeps moving on. In the park a man is sprinkling grass and shrubbery over a wide area by dipping a long oar with a spoon-shaped end into the brook and throwing the water from it.

Our driver takes us next to the Porte de Paris and grows so enthusiastic over it as he leans back to tell us about it that he fairly foams at the mouth and we have to keep dodging. Having struck his gait, he persists in driving us around the outskirts of the city from gate to gate.

No one need ever suffer from thirst in Lille if he has money. There are saloons every few

doors, mostly kept by women and largely patronized by women.

There are some striking pictures in the gallery of the Palais des Beaux Arts. The "Inundation of the Loire" is a very strong portrayal of the rise of that river and the panic of the stricken populace. It is well lighted and tells its story without the need of an interpreter. The sacred pictures are numerous and interesting.

Van Dyck's "Jesus on the Cross" is a marvelous work, while there are several by Rubens, including a small copy of his "Descent from the Cross," the original of which is in Antwerp Cathedral. His "Death of Mary Magdalen" is a sad and realistic painting.

Zustris, a sixteenth century artist, has painted a picture of the Savior and the Magdalen in which Mary wears a princess dress cut decolletté.

Americans will be startled at seeing a picture by George Washington in this gallery. But it is by another George, and was painted in 1827.

We paused longer before Muller's "Give Us Barabbas" than any other work in the gallery. The brutal mob and the more brutal Barabbas

are depicted with startling accuracy of expression. It lightened our gloom later to smile at a bronze by Idrac, "Cupid Stung," in which the playful god has a taste of his own medicine.

We pass the Church of St. Maurice on our way to the station, but as Lille is really an "extra" and not in either Holland or Belgium, we do not linger, but catch the first train for Courtrai.

## XXVI

*Courtrai and Ostend.*

WE had quite a struggle with our porter at the Lille station. Evidently he did not believe in signs and insisted on putting us into the wrong train. We called in the gateman as referee and he gave us the decision. We pass the Belgian customs without a ripple. They ask us if we have any "gros bagage," and when we point to our suit cases and say "C'est tout," they bow politely and withdraw. Trunks are always a nuisance in traveling on the Continent, but at custom houses they are especially troublesome. As a rule they are objects of suspicion and must be rummaged thoroughly.

Courtrai is famous for its table linen, and Jan Palfin, the inventor of the forceps, was born here. They have a statue in his honor in the Grand Place. See what a pull will do for a man.

The Battle of the Spurs was fought beneath the walls of this city in 1302. The weavers and artisans of Bruges and Ypres met a company of proud knights of France under the Count of Artois. Twelve hundred knights fell, and for several generations there was scarcely a family that did not have at least one gold spur in its possession. The last ones disappeared with the destruction of an old church in which many were hung as trophies.

The Market Place has a belfry in the center, with the Hotel de Ville on one side and the new post office on the other. In the Hotel de Ville are two handsome fire places and a magnificent fresco painting representing the departure of Baldwin IX. on the fourth crusade. It is worthy of long study. Our conductor is as lively as a cricket and runs up and down stairs after forgotten keys, and is cordially acquiescent when we ask permission to photograph the fire place in the Council Chamber.

In St. Martin's Church there are the usual beautiful windows and carvings, and an unusual triptych with the "Descent of the Holy Ghost" as the central figure, flanked on either side by "Creation" and "Baptism." There is

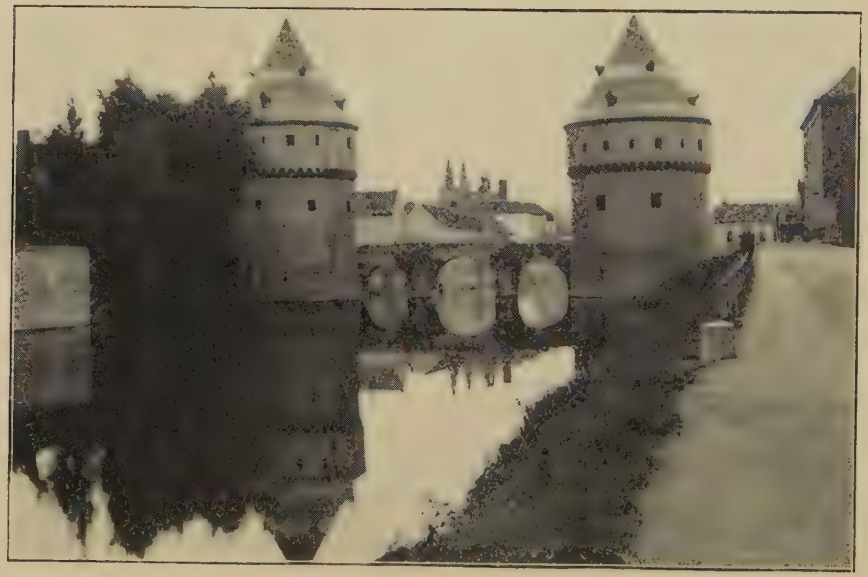
a startling grotto contrivance representing "Jesus in the Sepulchre," which is gruesome enough for a Chamber of Horrors.

In the Museum is a large picture of the "Battle of the Spurs." There is also a cattle piece by Robbe, as well done as Paul Potter's "Bull," and with much better looking subjects. They have erected a monument to this artist in Courtrai.

Today is a national fête day. Flags are flying and a procession is forming. Much untranslated excitement pervades cabby and every one else.

In the Cathedral we looked in vain for a priest to roll back the curtain from Van Dyck's "Raising the Cross." He was probably out following the band. So your sensibilities will be saved any of our crude comments thereon. It is about eight by ten and undoubtedly good, or Van Dyck would not have done it.

By chance we drove in sight of two massive bridge towers, and we both exclaimed in unison, "There they are!" For years we have loved them as they stand reflected in the clear water. We saw them long ago in an unnamed picture of Belgian life, and hoped some day to



BRIDGE TOWERS AT COURTRAI

see the originals, and there they stood in front of us. Their outlines were quickly transferred to a photographic film.

Does any one know why a continental driver so rarely drives you to the curb when you finish your ride? Invariably he stops five or six feet from it, even if yours is the only vehicle in the block.

The signs in this station are in French, Flemish, English and German, a sure sign that Ostend is near and tourists are numerous. It takes about an hour to reach that famous bathing resort, and from the first we dislike it. It is not a place in which to do anything quickly or inexpensively. If you have an abundance of money and plenty of time, and are not finicky on moral questions, Ostend will suit you.

We found difficulty in getting a room. Two hotels were full, and at last we were taken in by the manager of a villa. From that on during our brief stay we were taken in with great frequency.

Having obtained shelter for the night we went for a stroll on the Digue before dinner. This is Ostend's "Board Walk." It is a handsome promenade with grand hotels, residences

and a kursaal on one side, and a magnificent beach with rolling surf on the other. The walk is thronged with men and women whose handsome apparel and blasé expression proclaim that money is plentiful, but that it will not buy satisfaction. Only the children really enjoy this delightful spot and their little brown arms and legs are in constant action on the sand and in the water.

After dinner we listened for a while to a concert and then returned to our villa. The key to our room door could not be found. Great Gallic excitement. *Monsieur le propriétaire,* to whom we had given it, had gone out. We sat on the stairs while the elevator boy, porter and chambermaid ran up and down stairs and conversed loudly from one floor to another. Being in a hurry, they did not use the lift. Finally it was discovered that the key to the room across the hall would unlock our door, but would not lock it. However, we are not afraid. If there are any burglars in Ostend they are all too busy running hotels to break into our room. Besides, this room, although the most expensive, is also the smallest one we have occupied since leaving New York, not

even excepting our steamer cabin. There is not space in it for a burglar. We are handed our bill in the hall to keep from crowding the apartment.

Our view at breakfast is superb. The combs of the breakers roll in for miles in either direction. The Digue is filling with promenaders. Bathing machines are being rented and hauled into the surf. Each machine has a number, and it is very important to remember your number for locations are occasionally changed while you are in the water.

People of both sexes and all ages are engaged in playing Diabolo, and marvelous skill is displayed by some of them.

It is not a good morning for photographs. There is not enough sunlight. Otherwise we might bring home some rather startling revelations in the way of continental bathing apparel. In defense of their frankness in such matters it is only fair to add that their bathing suits are used for bathing purposes, and the women are never seen walking or lying on the beach in them.

As at Scheveningen, the sand is full of pretty little shells, and in a short walk we fill our

pockets. As the morning advances the tide retreats and bathers arrive by the score. Still the children seem most "in the picture," as they build their sand forts or bathe their dolls in pools left by the tide.

One morning of it is enough for us. We are in the crowd but not of it. We drive to the depot, and on our way we have a contrasting picture to study. Two blocks from the depot a porter sights our luggage and runs beside our carriage until we reach the station to get a few cents for helping us aboard the train.

CHILDREN ON BEACH AT OSTEND

## XXVII

### *Bruges*

IT takes less than half an hour to reach Bruges, and there you can set your watch back four hundred years. That such a dreamy old spot could slumber so near the noise and glare of Ostend seems impossible. You feel as though you had taken the "road to yesterday" and had been carried past.

Bruges is so named from its numerous bridges which cross its intersecting canals at scores of points, and at every crossing a picture is formed of rich color, blended and harmonized by age and softened by the contact of water in which it is repeated with hardly a quaver.

It is an old town. It was laid out in the seventh century, and now in its dotage it nods on the shady banks of its canals and tells of how it once headed the Flemish Hansa; of how Philip the Good instituted the Order of the

Golden Fleece within its walls, the only surviving chapter of which seems to be at Ostend; and how Johanna, queen of France, once declared that she found hundreds of women of Bruges whose attire vied with her own. Now her principal visitors are the artists who love to attempt the transfer of her baffling beauty to canvas, and her principal commerce is post cards.

We find a front room at the Panier d'Or whose basket at the apex of its high gable once may have been golden, but is so no longer. Our window looks out at the belfry in the center of the Grand Square, and was there ever such luck? This is Wednesday, and the chimes are played all day on Wednesday. In every place in the town their sweet rich tones reach us.

We walk past the statue of the two leaders in the Battle of the Spurs, Pieter de Conine and Jan Breidel, to the Chapel of the Holy Blood. This is a small church which was built as a repository for some drops of the Savior's blood brought from the Holy Land in 1149. These are exhibited every Friday morning, but we did not stay over. No one has tampered with the

relic since it reached Bruges. Of that we are confident. But there is a lack of confirmatory detail between the time of the crucifixion and 1149 that makes us skeptical. We would not jar any one's else faith for the world, but we are not thoroughly convinced. There is an interesting museum in the upper chapel containing some old lace and paintings.

The Hotel de Ville is near the chapel. It has a magnificent Great Hall Chamber roofed in massive oak.

The drives along the canals are all beautiful. The most perfect reflections are found in the water of the Quay of Mirrors, back of Jan Van Eyck Place, adorned with a statue of the artist. The swan is the municipal bird and it adds to the beauty of the little canals. All this is within twenty-five minutes ride of Ostend, where 100,000 people are spending a million dollars a day in trying to enjoy themselves.

In the Hospital of St. John are a number of Memling's paintings, including his masterpiece, the "Chasse of St. Ursula." This depicts scenes in the life of the saint from her departure from Cologne to her martyrdom, and that of the maidens who accompanied her. The

work is executed with marvelous fidelity to detail, and when examined under a microscope reveals a painful exactness of execution. It is beautiful in design and coloring.

Another painstaking work is a winged picture of John the Baptist and John the Evangelist.

A small triptych near the door is interesting because in it Memling has delineated his own features among those present at the "Adoration of the Magi."

Notre Dame, adjoining the hospital, is full of interest. The tomb of Charles the Bold and Mary his daughter are there. She married Emperor Maximillian and was the grandmother of Charles V.

The tomb is a marvel of brass work. The coats of arms of all the allied houses from which they descended are carved thereon, while the lace work and ermine of the apparel is beautifully done. This seemingly endless group of insignia helps one to understand the marvelous combination of marriages which culminated in the formation of the empire over which Charles V. was ruler, an empire including half the civilized world.

THE SWANS AT BRUGES

The church contains paintings by Van Dyck and a marble group by Michael Angelo. The most interesting portion, however, is the entrance to the old chapel of Mary of Burgundy. Its purple tinged glass gives a weird light to the interior. She did not worship long in this tiny chapel, but was thrown from her horse and killed four years after her marriage.

Near our hotel are many historic spots. On one side of the square is the house where Charles II. lived during his exile from England. Near it is the Cranenburg where Maximilian himself was imprisoned for four months by the pugnacious burghers of Bruges. He was released upon giving his kingly pledge to grant certain rights to Bruges. It is hardly necessary to tell the student of history that the pledge was broken just as soon as possible after his liberation.

In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre you can view a peculiar piece of adoration. The brothers Adornes constructed a facsimile of the Holy Sepulchre and built a church over it. You almost crawl through a low aperture into a dimly lighted apartment and see what is probably a good reproduction. There is a

bronze of one of the brothers and his wife over their grave just within the entrance to the church.

Before dinner we took an aimless stroll through some of the back streets. A pretty canal attracted us. We stood on the bridge and looked into the placid water. We happened to notice the dates on the two buildings flanking the bridge. One was built in 1614 and the other in 1608. The irons that form the figures of the date in each instance are fastened to the ends of the rods which help to sustain the walls.

The man who invented decimals was born in Bruges. His name was Stevin and he has a monument somewhere in town. We did not look him up, but we were surprised to learn that decimals were invented. We thought they "just growed," like Topsy.

As we sit at breakfast two children, whose ages we estimate at five and seven years respectively, are nonchalantly puffing cigarettes on the curb. They evince no consciousness of "showing off" and attract no attention from the adult natives. Our table companions are two young men from London, who are doing

the Continent, one of whom admits that he never saw the interior of Westminster Abbey. It is evident that others beside Americans must be reproached for traveling abroad before seeing their own country.

## XXVIII

### *Ghent*

GHENT is a short ride from Bruges, and it is even more a city of bridges. It stands on twenty-six islands, joined by two hundred and seventy bridges. Charles V. was born here, and it is lucky for Ghent that he was, for that fact saved the city from severe punishment at his hands on one occasion. He satisfied his kingly ire by executing twenty-five or thirty malcontents, and ended several days of terror by making the burgomasters crawl at his feet with halters about their necks.

In the Cathedral of St. Bavon there is a beautiful marble "Madonna and Child," and a picture of "The Raising of Lazarus," painted by the teacher of Rubens, Vaenius. In Rubens' picture of "St. Bavon Renouncing the Army for the Church," the artist has painted himself, his father, his two wives and three children into the scene.

AUGUSTINE'S BRIDGE—BRUGES

The star attraction of the cathedral is the Van Eycks' winged picture "The Adoration of the Lamb." The dominating figure is the Christ. It is hard to realize that mere pigment could convey to canvas such dignity blended with love and such serenity, not the serenity of the mystic far removed from the travail of men, but the serenity of one who knows the problems that beset his brethren but at the same time knows that these problems can be solved.

But we would not enthuse over the landscape in the other pictures, although we were surrounded by gasping enthusiasts who were urged on by an eloquent guide, and who raved over trees and hills that were as badly out of plumb as the scenery on a Japanese fan.

Pourbus the Elder, in his "Christ Among the Doctors," has painted a crowd that could never have been assembled anywhere but on canvas and by a highly imaginative artist. There are Charles V., Philip II., Alva, William the Silent and Pourbus himself, all in the Temple.

Opposite the west front of the cathedral is the belfry. In it swings the big bell, Roland, as closely associated with the history of Ghent

as is Liberty Bell with that of the United States. So eloquent was its iron tongue in calling Ghent to arms that at the time of the halter episode Charles V. decreed its destruction. But it was saved any worse fate than hanging, and it still swings in the old tower, although re-cast in the seventeenth century.

The old ceilings of the Hotel de Ville are its most attractive feature. It was built at three widely separated intervals. They apparently thought nothing of building one façade of a building and resting a couple of centuries before starting another one.

The Chateau of the Counts is a picturesque old ruin. It dates from the ninth century, but was rebuilt in 1180, and it needs kalsomining and a new hall carpet already. Jacques van Artevelde, "the brewer of Ghent," lived here until he met the fate of many a demagogue before and since, and the power which he had awakened in the people turned on him. You can walk around the inner platform and peer through the port holes and form a good idea of a mediæval fortress. The central dungeon has four stories. The torture chamber is in the basement.

In the Carthusian Convent was signed the Treaty of Ghent which ended the war of 1812 between England and the United States. Several of the rooms in this convent are papered with elaborate designs executed with thousands of canceled postage stamps.

The Petit Beguinage of St. Bavon contains three hundred little houses occupied by lay sisters of the Roman Catholic Church. Each house has a walled court shutting it from the view of passers by. Each court has a door bearing the name of some saint. Thus rigidly do these good ladies think it necessary to reinforce their self control. From one door the saint's name has been removed, indicating that the place has changed saints. Possibly tomorrow they will put out a sign to that effect or one reading, "Wanted: A good saint with references." An excellent quality of lace is sold on the grounds.

Belgians seem inordinately afraid of water inside and out. Barometers are as numerous as thermometers, and every one has an umbrella. At the slightest mist—up it goes.

We have not yet recovered our equilibrium over the assaults on our self respect made by

the covert sneers of the people who were enthusing over the perspective and atmosphere in the Van Eyck "Adoration." When will the world cease to rave over beauties that do not exist in old paintings, or which, if they exist at all, are visible to the eye of the trained artist alone? Let us grant that, considering the age and the materials and the environment, the Van Eycks did wonders. Let us look at their productions as we do at the guns used at Waterloo, as antiquities, but let us not shut our eyes to the progress made in painting as in fighting. The modern galleries possess more of life and color, *as we see it,* than the best Old Masters ever hung. The "Night Watch" and some others are good enough to be modern, but most of them would stand no more show, stripped of their labels and placed in honest competition with modern pictures, than would Nelson with his equipment against Dewey or Togo with modern battle ships.

I never saw a Madonna to whose arms any baby would fly, nor did I ever see the Holy Infant portrayed as the radiant, healthy, normal babe such as I love to think He was. There

are undoubtedly lovelier Madonnas than I have seen, but I am speaking of the hundreds I have seen. The nearest approach to the expression of loving maternity that I recall is in the marble group in the Cathedral of St. Bavon, and it is not even mentioned in Baedeker and other works on art.

As for landscapes, more convincing ones decorate theatrical drop curtains.

If those beauties really exist to the trained eye, why write about them in books intended for the multitude? Suppose a person so highly endowed with sense perception that he could hear the grass grow and see flies walking on steeples, should write a guide book and tell you that the grass growing in Holland made a distinctly different tone, or that the hay was pitched higher than in France, he would undoubtedly command some followers who would stand on the edge of a Friesland cow pasture and say they could hear sweet tones. And their hypocrisy would differ in degree, but not in kind, from that of many rhapsodists who worship old paintings.

## XXIX

### *Antwerp*

BY that time our train had reached Antwerp, the metropolis of Belgium and one of the greatest seaports in Europe. Her most celebrated margrave was Godfrey of Bouillon.

Antwerp derives its name from a cheerful way they had of collecting the tariff in legendary days by cutting off the hand of any one caught smuggling. It means "hand-werpen" or hand throwing. The Province of Brabant was named after Brabo, who overthrew the custom and the custom house with it.

The neighborhood of its docks presents all the usual temptations for relieving poor sailors of their possessions. So many English seamen were robbed there that the British Consul arranged an ingenious scheme of issuing pay notes not negotiable outside of England. Now the English sailor is not robbed until he gets

STATUE OF RUBENS—ANTWERP

home. Great Britain has hung up the sign, "Do not go next door and be cheated. Come in here."

Antwerp has arisen from the ashes often enough to have scorched the pin feathers of a phœnix. Her worst disaster was the "Fury of Antwerp" in 1576, when she was pillaged and burned by mutinous and drunken Spanish soldiers. Then she suffered a fourteen months' siege by Alexander of Parma in 1584-5. In 1589 her population was reduced to 55,000. Then she lost her commerce to the Dutch and the Scheldt was closed, until in 1790 she had only 40,000 people. Napoleon helped her some, and she was just getting on her feet when the revolution of 1830 prostrated her again. But her natural advantages as a port enabled her to surmount all obstacles, and today she has within her borders 355,000 souls.

Antwerp is metropolitan in aspect. Her Central Station is one of the finest depots in the world. The drive down the Boulevard des Arts is charming in any conveyance except an ambulance or a hotel bus. Hotel buses are made from Roman chariots, with the springs

removed and loose panes of glass inserted in the sides.

The Place Verte is the nucleus of the city. The car lines converge at that point and there are benches and a waiting room for loiterers. A bronze statue of Rubens adorns its center, and today it is radiant with the blooms of a flower market.

In the Grand Place a butter market is in progress. On the west side rises the Hotel de Ville. It has a beautiful staircase of various Belgian marbles up which the king and his retinue may climb when they visit Antwerp. Tourists and packages are delivered in the rear. There is much beautiful paneling of carved wood. The great hall is lined with well executed paintings of historical events.

At the Royal Museum we saw the best gallery in Belgium. In it are three of Rubens' masterpieces, "The Adoration of the Magi," "Christ Between the Thieves" and "Christ on the Pallet of Straw."

We saw Matsy's triptych, "The Entombment," but we liked his wrought iron well curb in front of the Cathedral much better. Matsy was a blacksmith when he fell in love

with the daughter of a painter, and, in order to obtain her father's consent to his suit, studied painting and became a great artist. Matsy's Well shows as true artistic taste in shaping iron as he exhibited later with the brush. We sit awhile in front of Van Dyck's "Entombment," and then inquire the way to the modern paintings. Arriving in that part of the Museum we drop with a sigh of gratitude in front of a wholesome landscape by Elsen, which has not a drop of blood or a corpse in it. What good does it do to multiply revolting representations of the death of our Savior and neglect the beautiful things of His life?

Near the Elsen landscape is a canal by Collart, into which you can almost dip your fingers and moisten your heated brow.

Leaving the Royal Museum we visit the Musée Plantin-Moretus, which fares the noisy and crowded little Friday Market, in which everything is being auctioned from a knitting needle to a plaster statue five feet high. Second hand bicycles are numerous.

The Musée is most interesting, as it shows the combined work-shop, sales room and resi-

dence of a well-to-do and enterprising sixteenth century printer and engraver. Every detail of the shop is preserved with a care that amounts to reverence. The engraved copper plates give one a better idea of the painstaking skill required to produce them than do the prints made from them. There are many family portraits by Rubens on the walls. The presses are still in working order, and samples of recent work done on them may be purchased. The attendants are artistically clad in brown suits, with knickerbockers and caps of the sixteenth century cut. Much beautiful work is shown in illuminated prayer books and missals that equal in beauty and surpass in workmanship the product of the best modern shops. The preservation of this Musée deserves the gratitude of every student of mediæval customs and history.

We adjourn to a little ivy covered bower on the pavement near the Place Verte and wait for our coffee to drip through an individual percolator into a glass similar to those used for soda water at home.

A very well mannered dog follows us to our table and snuggles up in a corner remote from

the garçon's vision and calmly awaits events. Evidently some Brussels dog has dropped him a line to look out for a lady in gray, who is susceptible to the appeal in a hungry canine's eye. We seldom eat alone. Either a dog or a cat spots B. as soon as we sit down, and then she orders what she thinks our guest will enjoy. The present incumbent has good table manners and awaits his turn patiently. When we finish our meat and the salad is brought he departs with a grateful wag of his tail. In return for our hospitality he gave us the only thing he possessed. We know we have it, although we cannot put our hand on it.

In Notre Dame are three of Rubens' most famous paintings: "The Descent from the Cross," "The Elevation of the Cross" and "The Assumption." All are beautiful, but as we looked at the last named the sun came out and bathed it in light for a moment, and it seemed as if the gates of Paradise had opened. The artist has succeeded in making an atmosphere of heavenly radiance that is indescribable.

If I have said anything in my previous notes reflecting on Old Masters, I wish to withdraw my criticism so far as Peter Paul Rubens is

concerned. The two pictures, "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Elevation," are marvelous presentations of vigor and action. They make intensely real two most distressing scenes. The art which marked the shade of difference between the winding sheet and the death pallor of the Savior's body has been commented on over and over again, and the almost brutal fidelity to detail which places a corner of the sheet between the teeth of a Roman soldier has been criticised as revolting, but it all seems part of the picture.

But these brilliant exceptions only emphasize the fact that the great majority of the Pietas, Annunciations, Assumptions, Adorations, Elevations and Descents, made in wood or marble or painted on canvas, boards or plaster, could well be spared by a weary world.

Strangers are not admitted to Rubens' house, but we caught a glimpse of the court and summer house while we reasoned with the caretaker. Nothing else remains of the home which he built in 1612 and in which he died in 1640 at the age of sixty-three.

The old Waterpoort was designed by him and built in 1624. Over its arched portal lies

OLD GATE BY RUBENS—ANTWERP

a recumbent river god. and sparrows quarrel over the best locations for nests about his anatomy.

The Antwerp Zoo is splendidly arranged. In the monkey house they have the most human looking chimpanzee who became intensely interested in our pocket mirror and made all sorts of faces at himself in it, and then tried to peer behind it to locate his vis-a-vis. He had on a short red jacket and slept in a little bed.

In this Zoo are specimens of everything that swims, flies, walks or creeps. The elephant here, as everywhere, is a prime favorite and has been trained by his sagacious keeper to beg for pennies. When one is thrown to him he knocks vigorously on the wall and summons his keeper, who gives him a morsel of bread in exchange for the penny. In this way a pocket full of bread in the morning becomes a pocket full of coin by evening.

The Zoo is well supplied with benches and refreshment booths, and you can spend many hours there enjoyably. The lion houses are magnificent and near them are domiciled speci-

mens of that much rarer beast, the American buffalo.

We left the grounds by means of an avenue lined on both sides by brilliant hued parrots, each chained to a perch and squawking vigorously. Sometimes the vocal rivalry results in throwing a bird off his balance, and his efforts to regain his perch remind one of a man getting into an upper berth in a storm tossed steamer.

In the evening we attended an indoor circus and water carnival. The performance was carried on with a laborious and conscientious attention to detail that marks so much of the work done over here. The circus ring was gradually stripped of its carpets as act followed act. After the circus had finished, scenery was lowered from the dome and a maze of elaborate spectacle and ballet followed. The performance concluded with a flooded arena and an illuminated fountain. The audience was orderly and almost childish in its enjoyment. The program did not contain a single objectionable feature. The horses showed wonderful training and the clowns were masters of pantomime.

When it was all over we took tram 3 for Place Verte, reaching there at eleven thirty. After sitting in the waiting room for fifteen minutes we inquired of a policeman for a car to our hotel and found that the cars on that line did not run after eleven o'clock. We woke up a cabman and rode home. The hotel was locked and we had to ring a bell to get in. Can you imagine an American city of over three hundred thousand people taking in its trolley cars and going to bed at that hour?

## XXX

### *The Island of Walcheren*

WE returned to Holland by way of Rosendaal, a frontier town which has stamped nothing on our memories but its double custom house, one on each side of the railroad tracks, and its first-class cooking at the little depot. Our forty-six minute ride was spaced off by four brisk showers. Fortunately we had an interval of sunshine, which enabled us to traverse the town its full length down to its tiny canal harbor filled with fishing smacks and back to its inevitable church and stadhuis. The whole place is modern and all uninteresting, but the people are the same delightful Hollanders that we have grown to love.

An interesting family is at the adjoining table. It consists of a father, mother and four daughters. The baby girl is three or four years old and the pet of the other five members of the family. She is amusing even without

THE HARBOR AT ROSENDAAL

an interpreter, as she tells of some adventure in Dutch baby talk. As each dish is brought, she stands on her chair to peer in, and claps her hands when an especial favorite is served. Nevertheless, when, tempted by the presence of appreciative strangers, she gets too demonstrative, a word from papa instantly quiets her without any tears or remonstrances, but quite as a matter of course. Papa is king of his household, and no one is served until his plate has been heaped. The whole family drink beer with their luncheon, even the little one getting her portion.

To discuss the weather is generally viewed as an admission of conversational bankruptcy, and to devote a paragraph to such a frayed topic is perilous. But the word "weather" assumes an entirely new meaning in Holland. Most dwellers in the United States regard it as a more or less fixed atmospheric condition, remaining unchanged for intervals varying from a few hours on the shores of Lake Michigan, to the long, yellow, brazen weeks of a prairie drouth. It is no such monotonous creature in Holland. As if to amend for the plodding patience of everything human which

it surrounds, the weather is a thing of moods only a few minutes in duration. As flat as an ironing board, Holland is swept from east to west by unobstructed showers which fill their clouds with North Sea water and swing back again. We are constantly busy opening the windows on one side of our car and closing them on the other as Mother Nature flaps her wet clouds back and forth, slapping first one side of our train and then the other until we seem to be passing under a titanic clothes line blown to and fro by the wind.

A most explosive young German artist shared our compartment from Antwerp. A chance remark aroused him and he revealed an excellent vocabulary of vituperative English in telling of his experience in having some Belgian soldiers quartered on him recently in a first class compartment. Then he roundly denounced the whole country, its king, its people and its practices. He had a high voice, and it would mount higher and higher in his wrath until it would get beyond his control. At such times he would return to pitch by saying: "What I mean to say is—" excruciat-

ingly like Bobby Gaylor with his "Well—anny-how."

The road to Flushing is through a marshy country, half land, half sea, and at some point you make the transition to an island, for Flushing is on the island of Walcheren. But it is hard to define the point where it ceases to be muddy water and becomes muddy land. The Scheldt is on our right and the atmosphere is raw and cold even on an August day. A long dike forms part of our horizon. We pass pastures with sea gulls in them. Some sort of drainage operations are being carried on with a uniformed officer in charge of a gang of men. Much of the ground looks like a newly made polder.

At Krabbendijk we get glimpses of the Zeeland costumes, the oddest in Holland. Three types of women are at the depot. They all wear short, tight sleeves, queer head dresses, the most compressed bodices and the most expansive hips imaginable. And they have such fat, red, parboiled arms. From five years old to eighty the outline is the same.

Flushing is called Vlissingen by the Dutch and Flessingue by the Belgians. We are for-

tunate enough to find the bus from the beach when we reach the station. At the beach there is such a tremendous wind blowing that we rent bath chairs and sit snugly out of it and watch the few bathers who are daring enough to brave the cold blasts. The patrons are practically all Germans and are a sensible, happy, healthy-looking lot of people. Our chairs are gradually forced back by the rising tide, so we pay the boy two cents rental for each chair and return to the hotel veranda.

This is the mouth of the Scheldt, but it is tidewater and indistinguishable from the North Sea. Breskens, on the Belgian coast, is in plain sight across the three miles of turbulent river. Flushing is loved by lovers of Dutch liberty because it was the first town to raise the Orange standard after the Sea Beggars took Briel. It is entitled to their further gratitude because it was the place of embarkation of Charles V. and his son, Philip II., both of whom saw their last of this unconquerable country as the low shores of Flushing blended with the horizon. It was the birthplace of Admiral de Ruyter, who had the impudence to

sail his war vessels up the Thames in 1667 and had all London frightened.

A dinner at the Grand Hotel des Bains gives you a chance to see a beautiful sunset over the circling waves. Large vessels bound to and from Antwerp pass frequently.

The town of Flushing is midway between the beach and the depot, just a mile from each. I was about to grumble a question as to why they placed the depot so far from the town, when I remembered that in a similar case in Iowa, the Irish station agent informed a remonstrating traveling man that he supposed it was because they wanted it near the railroad.

We go back to Middelburg in eleven minutes. We have return tickets from Flushing to Rosendaal and we will use them between Middelburg and Bergen op Zoom, two intermediate stations. Our action will probably tangle up the Holland railway accounting system somewhat, but it will save us a little time and some money.

Occasionally, when we are in a hurry and do not want all of the courses of a two-and-a-half gulden table d'hôte, we make selections of a portion thereof and omit the rest. In such

cases they itemize what we select, and our bill is three gulden or more for leaving out part of our dinner. Years ago some mathematician expounded the axiom that "The sum of all the parts is equal to the whole." He would have been astonished to learn that the sum of part of the parts is greater than the whole. Jerome K. Jerome tells us that milliners charge for what they take *from* ladies' bonnets, and that those with the least trimming are the most expensive. Apparently table d'hôtes are managed in the same way.

The depot and the boat landing at Flushing are contiguous. An English steamer has just arrived in a driving rain. We are safely ensconced in our compartment and expect a grand rush of damp Britishers, but only one passenger disembarked.

Ours is the slow train for Amsterdam, so no buses are at the Middelburg station when it arrives. Our suit cases are placed on a push cart and we walk behind it and our porter to the Nieuwe Doelen, opposite the stadhuis. The latter is partly concealed by a scaffolding, and we are sorry to have arrived at so inopportune a time, until we learn that the scaffolding has

A MIDDELBURG FAMILY GROUP

been over some portion of the building for thirty or forty years. Then we are glad we did not wait.

There is a provincial exposition in town of old gold and silver, and the streets are full of farmers and their families. After a lemon squash in a cafe we are wandering back to the hotel when we notice that hundreds of people are quietly lining up on the curbs and gazing toward the market place. We said, "Here! we have come five thousand miles to see things. We must not miss this." So we got in line. After a few minutes we walked a block nearer to the focal point, then a little nearer; until finally it dawned on us that these dear, tranquil people were waiting for a brass band which had been playing in front of our hotel all evening. They are great lovers of music and are patient with a patience which has rendered their great accomplishments possible.

This part of the country gives you an idea of the web-footed soldiers that formed part of the armies of William the Silent. Through these trackless marshes there are paths under the water known to the natives as the pilot knows his harbor. In one instance a traitorous

betrayal of these secrets of the marsh gave Flushing into the hands of Spain temporarily.

Again our ears are delighted with chimes. These are smaller and play more intricate music than some of the others. Mendelssohn's Spring Song just came floating over the air to us from a neighboring belfry. The mosquitoes are not so melodious as the chimes but they strike oftener.

We went early to the Abbey and were shown through by a shirtless sacristan in felt slippers —the kind that are felt but not heard. He did not have much English, and to keep from exhausting his vocabulary he handed us one word at a time. His features were obliterated by a grass-like beard, and he was as emotionless in appearance as some of the images he exhibited. His face gave no preliminary hints of an approaching word, but would explode under his nose in a guttural ejaculation at the most unexpected moments. We would be standing in front of a gobelin tapestry rapt in contemplation when suddenly "Fifteen hunderd" would issue from his face somewhere and he would close up again.

These tapestries are magnificent. They por-

tray naval scenes and the details are given with the exactness of a drawing. Great battles are depicted with men struggling among the waves, while others are huddled on a rock with ships fighting or sinking all around them.

Four large paintings purloined from a private residence in Utrecht are exhibited as brazenly as though they were honestly obtained.

The Abbey is being thoroughly restored and work is in progress. Two of the vaulted chambers through which we passed date from the thirteenth century. The Abbey was founded in 1106, but, of course, it is no longer an Abbey. It is a good old Dutch Reformed Church, whitewash and all.

The Stadhuis contains an interesting museum in which are some beautiful old hand-illumined books and documents of the various guilds. The oldest existing deed in the Dutch language is shown. This is the charter granted to the town in 1253 by the German William of Holland.

Personal relics of the brothers, Jan and Cornelis Evertsen, are on exhibition, including locks of hair and sections of their trousers.

These patriots fell in 1666 in combat with England. The articles are authentic and have that advantage over the reliquaries palmed off on the Crusaders by the tricky heathen in the neighborhood of the Holy Sepulchre and worshiped in many of the churches on the continent.

We took a long drive to the dry dock and past the Koepoort, one of the old gates of the town. We wound for miles along the banks of an old serpentine canal that would have been still prettier if it had been strained.

Thanks to our driver's interposition and the magic of a few pennies, we found willing subjects for our camera in the person of a father and three children. The Dutch have the same spirit of barter that made their forefathers sell gunpowder to the besiegers outside their own walls.

An occasional advertising sign appears on the old windmills. It is the beginning of the end. As soon as the idea sinks in that money can be made by the process somebody's sarsaparilla will begin to create that tired feeling in the minds of all lovers of the beautiful that it is supposed to alleviate.

## XXXI

### *From Middelburg to Rotterdam*

THE name of Bergen op Zoom looked so quaint that we concluded to stop over a train. So back we went over miles of Holland in the making, where land and water fight for the mastery, but where the land finally will be wrung dry and hung up on a dike, while the baffled ocean will creep dripping back to its bed.

The only thing in Bergen op Zoom that is interesting is its name, and you can read that without getting off the train. We did not know that fact, however, and alighted. But if we received little amusement, we imparted it in abundance. It was Sunday and no one had anything else to do, so the entire juvenile population and some adults fell in behind us and tried to figure out why we were there. And really we could give them no assistance in solving the mystery.

Of course, there were a kerk and a stadhuis, and we photographed them. Then we saw a kitten and puppy lying side by side in a doorway. They would have made a pretty picture, but they were alarmed by our kodak and retreated into the shop. Finding them proof against our cajolery, we were about to give up when the old lady in charge of the shop came to our rescue. She poured some milk into a plate and put it in a sunny place, and in a very brief space of time both animals were lapping it up from opposite sides of the plate, and we took the picture. I offered the old lady some money for the milk, but she smilingly refused it and, ascertaining that we had finished, she drove the puppy and kitten away from the dish and poured the milk back into the can. It was a splendid illustration of Dutch courtesy and thrift.

There we were, marooned in a little town, with the sun beating down on the shining walls and clean clinkers, and three hours to wait for the next train. And now we were truly glad that Holland was no larger, for we hired a carriage, loaded our luggage on it and drove to Rosendaal in an hour. The road was a

paved strip of stone blocks with a cycle path of clinkers on each side and shaded by trees for the entire distance. We passed through two small villages, where we were kept busy responding to hat liftings. We were interested in the many little country places with their names or some motto placed over the gates or set in flower beds.

At Rosendaal we get a train to Breda, where we secure a royal suite at De Kroon, but we can have it for one night only, as the concierge says it is "recommended" for tomorrow, and seems elated over his mastery of the word. A one-horse tram passes our door and is quite noisy, but one can get plenty of sleep between trips.

Breda was the scene of a happy-go-lucky incident in the war with Spain. In 1590, Maurice, son of William of Orange, concealed some soldiers on a flat boat, covered them with peat, and succeeded in passing the fortifications. Once inside the walls these dare-devils, with the assistance of sympathetic townsmen, overcame the garrison and captured the place.

As we had eaten at Rosendaal, we walk up to the Grand Place to hear the band concert.

Seats and tables cover the sidewalk and most of the street. The band is no better than most country bands, so we do not stay long.

The most interesting relic in Breda has been remodeled to the point of extinction. It was the old castle in which William the Silent, Egmont, Horn and other Dutch nobles, met to prepare the compromise or petition to Philip II. in 1566. As Philip declared he had nothing to arbitrate, the trouble continued. The former castle is now a military school.

The hand of the whitewasher has been laid heavily on the Protestant Church. Still more heroic methods were adopted by the iconoclasts, and many beheaded statues bear witness to their mistaken zeal. Some mural paintings recently have been uncovered and they are interesting, but not much prettier than the whitewash. The reformers took another poke at the Catholic Church in making the carvings of the choir seats. These are caricatures of monks. It must have done them a world of good to slam a seat down on a monk and then sit on it.

The monument to Count Engelbert and his wife is a marvelous work in alabaster. The

bodies are sculptured side by side on top of the sarcophagus, which is roofed by a slab of black marble borne on the shoulders of four kneeling figures, Cæsar, Regulus, Hannibal and Philip of Macedon. On the top of the black marble lies the armor of the count wonderfully executed in alabaster.

We reach the island on which Dordrecht is located by crossing the Hollandsch Diep, an arm of the North Sea not five hundred years old. A one-horse tram traverses the town from end to end. It runs from the depot to the harbor, over a picturesque old canal, lined on both sides by buildings built straight up from the water.

The stadhuis has been restored and is modern and uninteresting. The Groote Kerk is large and graceful in outline, and, wonder of wonders, it actually has a hint of color inside. The religious world knows Dordrecht (or Dort) chiefly for its famous Synod of 1618-19, so full of interest to predestined sinners and unborn infants. The Calvinists, headed by Maurice, won the victory.

The most unique museum in the world is the South African Museum at Dordrecht. It is

filled with memorials of the British-Boer War, and with personal relics of President Kruger and General Cronje. The Russians gave the former a beautiful sword accompanied by the signatures of seventy thousand donors. These signatures, handsomely bound in several volumes, form an even more impressive exhibit than the gift which they accompanied. There are gold loving cups and gem-studded gifts of various sorts, but none is so interesting as the pipe, bible and old plug hat of Oom Paul. They bring his stolid old figure right before your mind's eye. The motto of the republic, "Eendract maakt magt," greets you on every hand. It means "Union makes strength," and in that atmosphere of devoted loyalty to a hopeless cause one regrets that it did not make more strength.

One room is devoted to articles manufactured by Boer prisoners in the detention camps, and hand bills are on the walls giving the appalling death statistics among the women and children, a form of silent but effective extermination which is going on to this day. In the court of the museum is a reproduction of

a Boer farm house, life size, and furnished throughout. A Kaffir kraal is behind it.

Dordrecht has never been battered by any but theological guns, hence it is full of old houses. They lean over in a way that makes you want to hurry past before they fall.

A statue of the artist, Ary Scheffers, adorns the Scheffers Plein. He was a native of Dordrecht, but passed most of his life in France. At the age of twelve he painted an historical picture which attracted much attention in the exhibition at Amsterdam. He died at Paris in 1858.

## XXXII

### *Little Journeys Around Rotterdam*

AND so we ride into Rotterdam five days ahead of our sailing date resolved to take life easy. We stop at the Maas Hotel on the bank of the river of that name, and from our parlor window we can see the green, white and green funnel of the Potsdam being put in apple-pie—that simile is too weak—in *Dutch* order for our return trip.

The weather man co-operated with us in our resolve to stay in doors by giving us an abundance of rain. Rotterdam is like Naples in that it has little to offer within itself, but makes a splendid base for short excursions. Gouda, Delft, The Hague and Scheveningen are less than an hour away.

As soon as we were fairly settled in our hotel we went over to the steamship company's offices and found some mail awaiting us. On our way we saw something that so completely

VIEW FROM SCHEFFER'S PLEIN—DORDRECHT

epitomizes Holland that we must tell you of it. A freight train of eight or ten cars was being drawn along the tracks which run parallel with the Holland-America docks. Ten feet in front of the engine a man walked slowly and solemnly, ringing a big dinner bell.

Still it rains. The hotel is filling with tourists who have just landed, and we are sorry for them, but glad that we were blessed with such good weather. Statistics state that Holland only has sixty-five clear days a year, and we have had twenty bright ones out of twenty-three, so some one is in for a soaking. We sit at our window and watch the rain and read the Newport specials in the Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt edition of the New York Herald, and recall some of the oddities of the Hollander.

For example, his courtesy and economy lead him to minimize distances when giving information in order to save you cab hire or car fare. If you ask him to assist you in getting a carriage to some point he will say, "Oh, a carriage is not practical. It is only two or three minutes' walk." He gives you explicit directions and starts you for your destination,

which you cannot possibly reach in ten minutes without breaking a speed ordinance. Occasionally he will accompany you and expect no reward but your thanks and a tip of the hat. He will also decry the attractiveness of a museum to which the entrance fee is half a gulden, not because he loves art less, but because he loves twenty cents more.

If there is anything that B. does funnier than drinking pop out of a bottle, it is lighting or extinguishing a candle. Her early education having been too metropolitan to have acquired the knack in youth, she quite often blows all of the small articles from the mantel without causing a waver of the candle flame. Recently she had three matches and a candle and was trying to light the candle. The first two matches were struck and instantly jabbed at the unoffending taper with the natural result that they went out. I suggested that she wait a moment until the third and last match had caught thoroughly. She did so and succeeded in warming the cold wick into life. She stood radiant with success before the flickering light, triumphantly ejaculated "There!" and, raising

the match to her lips, blew out both match and candle. We undressed in the dark.

Today we will drive to Capelle, five miles away, and see the canals and cows at short range. The ranges are all short in Holland. Capelle appeals to us in our present sated condition because there is nothing to see there.

Our driver lost his way. We drove for ten miles or so before we struck a village. I said, "Isn't this Nieuwerkerk?" He said "Ja," and at our suggestion turned his horse around and started in search of Capelle, which was somewhere between us and Rotterdam. He took another road and drove along the top of a grass-covered dike for miles. There was not the mark of a wheel to indicate that any one had driven that way for months. At eleven, when we should have been back in Rotterdam, a heavy rain came up, or down, rather. We put up the carriage top, unrolled the apron and kept as dry as we could. Then, when we thought we were almost to Rotterdam, we reached Capelle! By this time we had lost all interest in that little brick kiln town. Our road next led us past a ship building suburb, where we drove through a crowd of grimy men out

for the noon hour. As most of them carried lunch pails and were on their way home, the inference is that they go to work early and have a meal between breakfast and noon. We have seen road repairers knock off at ten in the morning and eat bread and cheese from their pails. We drive a little distance farther, when a small boy informs our coachman that the end of the street we are following is closed, so we retrace again. By this time the affair has become funny, and we cease to worry over the outcome, and finally reach our hotel at half past twelve.

Our ride took us past some more villas, whose quaint mottoes amused us. Some of them translated read: "Without care"; "Peace is best"; "Pleasure to build"; "Never a thought"; "Satisfied"; "My parents' wish."

In the afternoon we called at a friend's office in the Witte Huis, the sky-scraper of Rotterdam, the tallest business building on the continent. It is ten stories high. There is an observatory on its roof, one hundred and thirty feet above the side walk, and reckless people pay ten cents to go up there and view the country.

IN THE COUNTRY NEAR ROTTERDAM

Our friend was out, and, although it was one o'clock and the office unlocked, there was not a soul in the room. All had gone to the mid-day meal, leaving their books on the desks. We concluded to go to Gouda then and there. We bought second-class round-trip tickets. The seats are not subdivided, as in first-class compartments, and the partitions do not extend to the top of the car. Without luggage we require little space. The upholstery is a golden brown plush in place of the dark red to which we are accustomed. Ours is a "verboden te rooken" (smoking forbidden) compartment, while the adjoining one is reserved for ladies without escorts. As this is Rembrandt's tercentenary, his name is everywhere. A cigar is named after him. This is unusual in Holland. As a rule they do not show their respect (!) for great men in that way. A Rembrandt cigar ought to draw easily.

The flood gates of heaven were opened when we reached Gouda, so we drove to the Groote Kerk and, being admitted to its massive interior, feasted our eyes on the most magnificent stained glass windows in Holland. Number seven, the one containing a likeness of Philip

II. was removed pending restorations, so our desire to throw a brick through it was baffled. Window twenty-two, "Christ Driving the Money Changers Out of the Temple," was our favorite, primarily because it was the gift of William the Silent and secondarily for its intrinsic beauty. The perspective and distance effects are equal to anything ever done on canvas, while the details are wrought out with wonderful fidelity down to the doves in their cages.

Our bus was waiting for us at the church door and the rain was pouring down, so we returned to the depot. When we reached it the sun was shining brightly, and we concluded to stay over another train, and went back for a snap shot of the stadhuis. That is the way we played tag with the sun during most of our last five days in Holland.

There is nothing so exasperating as the persistence of the Dutch children in their efforts to get in front of a camera. Their intentions are not malicious, but they have jeopardized several pictures for us that we would not lose for worlds. Delft children were a nuisance, but Gouda juveniles are worse. Since unfold-

ing our tripod we have had a troop of them at our heels.

No one leaves Gouda without purchasing a tobacco pipe. Ours is of clay twisted like a French horn and covered with black varnish. In winter the natives of neighboring villages consider it great sport to skate to Gouda on the canals, buy a pipe and return to their homes, pipe in teeth, without having it broken. Of course, every one they meet tries to upset them and break the precious pipe.

We return to Rotterdam and take the trolley which leads from the depot across Williams Bridge to Noordereiland, a large island in the middle of the Maas, adjacent to the one on which are the docks of the Holland-America line.

Noordereiland is almost a mile long and three hundred yards wide, built up as compactly as the rest of the city and traversed by the trolley line just mentioned.

We sit at a window on the second floor of the Café Fritschy and watch the sun setting over the queer old roofs. Then another driving rain is turned on and in the midst of it the sun tears a big hole in a cloud and shoots

through several rays which are cooled to a lurid red by the vapors in which they are immersed. With such scenic accompaniments we ate a well-cooked dinner and voted the Fritschy chef an artist in his line.

After waiting until several cars had passed us, each marked "Vol," we took one going in the opposite direction, paid four cents for a round-trip ticket and circumnavigated the island, passing the same group of patient people who were standing there when we left.

We are growing humble and obedient to authority. We attended a vaudeville last night, and, when it was three-fourths over and showed no signs of improvement, we left. We had carefully blazed our way from the point of disembarking to the theater, and had no trouble in retracing our steps, with the logical intent of getting on the same car at the same place and eventually landing near our hotel. A car came by, stopped, some ladies alighted, and we started to get on. There was a chorus of "Niet, niet," and we were obliged to leave the car, cross a narrow circle and get aboard at the place designated by the regulations.

Our car filled rapidly, and when it had pro-

ceeded a few blocks it was halted by a gentleman who was accompanied by his wife and child. The conductor counted the vacancies, admitted the wife and child and gave the starting signal after collecting their fare from the husband, who was left standing on the curb to wait for the next car.

This morning we are on a Delft launch (we hope) without any tickets, but trusting to the good fortune which has not deserted us on the entire trip. We almost missed the boat because it leaves at ten, city time, while my watch is set by railroad time, twenty minutes slower. Fortunately there is a third time quite prevalent in Holland, behind time, and by grace thereof we are sitting on deck waiting for the boat to start.

There is a bright sun. We are steaming right through the heart of Rotterdam. Pedestrians, house boats, bicycles, scows, cabs, ferry boats, trolleys, tow boats and fishing smacks, form a panorama impossible outside of the Netherlands. We just passed a house boat whereon the good wife was getting out the week's washing while her husband was on deck doing some plain sewing.

"Low bridge," or its Dutch equivalent, is called, and flat we all lie on the deck while the first mate hurriedly folds our camp stools. This last is an unnecessary touch of realism, as the bridge would not have touched them by a foot. Out into the open country we glide. Clouds are gathering. It looks squally, but we have every confidence in our brave skipper and his stout craft. If the worst happens we can always wade ashore. There are nine windmills in sight. The roofs of the farmhouses are on a level with the banks of the canal. We pass many lumber yards and saw mills with rafts of logs around them. A motor boat splutters past and spoils the picture for a moment. The captain leaves the bridge to collect the fares. We are charged eight cents each, first class, for the twelve-mile ride. We could have ridden more cheaply, second or third class, but the end of our vacation is so near that we are extravagant.

We let off a passenger at a saw mill. Our boat does not stop, but slows up and he jumps ashore. We graze a pile of lumber and upset it into the water. Only one board gets into the current and it is harpooned by a small boy

A VIEW FROM A DELFT LAUNCH

and recovered. There are wind mills on every side. Here comes a boat with a big brown sail, as patched as a Dutchman's breeches. B. snaps it right on top of a wind mill which she took a moment ago, and she says, "Oh shoot!" and two pictures are lost. We tie up at a little garden where refreshments are served. It has been half an hour since we started and there is much hunger among the passengers.

Off again, between two streets of tiny one-story, red tiled houses, with yards only three feet wide but planted in flowers. Our threatened storm breaks. All hands are piped below just as we pass through a lock.

Below there is a babel of tongues. An old Frenchman and his daughter lament the weather. The skipper talks to his wife in Dutch. Some English tourists sit and silently glare at each other. Our canal is so nearly level with its banks that a very slight inflow of water would inundate the neighborhood. We have seven first cabin, twelve second cabin, and no steerage on the boat. One of our second cabin lands in the rain. Many friends greet her. She has traveled. She will regale her

neighbors for weeks with stories of Rotterdam and our stormy return passage.

The rain stopped at Delft long enough for us to get to the railroad station and we caught the eleven thirty-three train for The Hague. The fare is eighteen cents for the round trip, second class. The sun is shining brightly when we do not need it. We could have used a few rays on that canal trip. The weather is like a spoiled child. If you notice it, it tries to show off. The best way is to ignore it altogether.

A steam tram takes us from The Hague depot to Scheveningen. Our route lies through a new addition, and there are whole rows of houses in various stages of completion. They are of cheap summer-resort construction, and their only redeeming feature is that they will not last long.

On the beach we cannot find the custodian of the bath chairs, so we just pre-empt two and take it easy. The revenue from bathing costumes is small today. It seems to be the usual thing to remove your shoes and stockings, put the rest of your apparel at half mast and wade in. We watch the crowds, eat large

quantities of delicious green plums and big black grapes, and then take a farewell peep at The Hague and doff our hats to the statue of William the Silent, returning to Delft in time to catch the return boat to Rotterdam.

In order that you may know in advance a fact that we learned too late, let us advise passengers arriving on the early-in-the-morning steamers from America to take this little boat ride just as soon as they can after getting through the custom house. Boats leave Rotterdam at four thirty, seven and ten in the morning, and the trip makes an ideal introduction to Holland.

Being unable to find the proper size of photographic films in Rotterdam we take a shopping tour to Amsterdam. The fare is one dollar for the round trip, and you can accomplish it between breakfast and luncheon.

Returning from Amsterdam, we obey an impulse and get off the train at Gouda in order properly to end our travels in Holland with a canal ride. We walk the length of the town, and it is a long one, to the Rotterdam boat. This is a very pretentious craft, fifty feet long. We travel first class with the cheese. The

second-class passengers ride with the lumber. To a Hollander our surroundings are worth the difference in the price. We go quite rapidly, six or eight knots an hour, and soon pass a miniature West Point, where boy soldiers are pole vaulting or shooting at targets. We are again among the farms. As usual the land is lower than the water. On our right is one of the ornamental water towers that dot all Holland. Even the lock-keepers' houses are built with an eye for the beautiful. The small and many colored bricks lend themselves readily to pretty little designs in wall and pavement. We pass a number of brick kilns where women are working with the men. A clock in a village steeple strikes 3:30. It does so by striking one more than the preceding hour. By looking at a clock which has just struck four times you can tell whether it is 3:30 or 4. A stork family on a neighboring roof makes a pretty picture. Father, mother and two young ones are silhouetted against the blue sky. I do not see how father stork gets any time to loaf around his fireside in Holland. We stop at Nieuwerkerk for a minute. That is the town we found the other day when we were looking for

Capelle. It is drowsy work riding on a canal. One could easily fall asleep were not the captain such a willing performer with his whistle. He toots at everything he passes. We use two pounds of steam for whistling to every one we use for locomotion.

Our last canal ride lands us on the banks of the Maas. We return to the hotel. The office is filled with Americans who have flocked in from everywhere to catch tomorrow's boat. We order a carriage for the next morning. When it comes, that same Capelle driver is on the box. When asked if he is as vague on the location of the docks as of Capelle, he grins sheepishly. We say a sad farewell to our hotel friends and cross over to the island. We are blocked, in company with a long string of other carriages, but no one swears; no one is in a hurry. We almost wish that circumstances over which we have no control would make us miss the steamer. It is raining hard up to the moment that we leave. Except for the returning tourists, an American-bound liner carries no holiday crowd. The Hollanders on board are, as a rule, homeseekers and not sightseers. Until their fortunes are made they will not see

the canals and meadows of their kindly but strict old fatherland. The longshoremen march away with the big gangplanks on wheels between them. There is an imperceptible tremor as our ship wakes to life, we swing slowly into midstream, the band plays, the handkerchiefs wave and we are off.

It would seem appropriate to close with a eulogy of Holland and Belgium, but if our love for them has not breathed through every line written, the lack is not in our hearts, but in our ability to express ourselves. It would be ungracious to make invidious comparisons between two such royal hosts. Had we visited but one of the two countries we would have declared it unsurpassable. Each has its partisans, as have all good things. You will meet many champions of one at the expense of the other. Holland has cooler summers, Belgium has more bright days. The Hollander gives you more of the comforts of life, and the Belgian more of its luxuries. The Hollander charges you more for things, the Belgian charges you oftener. Both do the best they can to entertain you with a seeming absence of effort and a self-effacement that marks the

FAREWELL TO HOLLAND

perfect host. It is not necessary to choose—the countries are small. See both of them, and see them thoroughly by leaving the cities and plunging into the smaller towns. There, and there alone, will you meet the real people, genuine and unspoiled.

The End

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